THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY APRIL 26, 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 42

THINE EYES.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning orbs become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And they all foul that thy complexion lack.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

"WELL, my poor woman, you are better, said Mrs. Trendworth. 'How in the world did you come to be abroad at such an hour?"

The blue glasses travelled from one to the other of the group around her. On Iva her glance rested. It was to her she spoke:

"I was coming from the train," in a low, bewildered voice.

"But the London train gets in at eleven," hazarded the colonel.

"I know, sir. I've been since then trying to reach here.

"Here?'

"No," correcting herself, "the next village."

She spoke peculiarly—almost like a foreigner—omitting consonants and letting her words half slip into others.

"And what was taking you there?" demanded Granny Morris sharply. She was a much-indulged old dame and not at all hesitant about speaking out her mind, even when "gentlefolks" were present.

The timid, silvery head was uplifted.

"I was looking for work. I heard it was to be had at Rugely. But I have been ill lately, and the distance was greater than I thought, and I became exhausted and felt where I was found."

Lady Iva's eyes grew dim with compassionate tears.

The poor thing! to be old, destitute, lonely. To the girl in her youth, pride, beauty, her happy home near by, her lover at her side, such a fate seemed worse than death.

"What work can you do?" asked Granny Morris, with a doubtful look at the frail form, the small, smooth hands.

"I can make myself generally useful, I can cook and I can sew."

A silence fell.

There was something repellent to Lady Iva in the way they were all standing around the woman. The little creature seemed cowering under their scrutiny and questions.

She turned to Mrs. Morris with an air of decision.

"For the present at least, Granny, she shall stay with you. I think she had better remain here altogether. You need help Willie is a great charge for you. Take her now and make her lie down."

The pale lips murmured their gratitude as the woman followed Granny Morris.

Hark!

They could hear a carriage stop for an instant on the road without. Then it rolled away.

Then a voice questioned Jimmie.

A moment later a man's tread came up the path into the house, into the parlor.

"Well—a catastrophe?" asked Sir Geoffrey Damyn's lazy voice.

The Dallas people, delayed on their way, had just dropped him here as they passed.

The Colonel explained.

"Now, march!" ordered Mrs. Trendworth. "We all ought to have been in bed ages ago. You won't have a ghost of a rose left, Iva. See that?"

And indeed there was the dawn peering in, chill and ghastly, at the casement.

"Ah, but see this!" cried Iva.

They all turned quickly.

Sidling shyly into the room, his yellow curls all tousled over his head, his white nightgown tripping the rosy feet, his finger in his mouth, came a little bit of a boy.

"Hello, young man!" cried Curson.

"Who is he?" asked the Colonel.

"A poor little waif—a *protege* of the countess," Mrs. Trendworth explained.

"You will catch a big, horrid cold, Willie," declared Lady Iva, literally and figuratively going down on her knees before him.

He smiled back at the pretty lady in the fluffy, foamy ball-dress, with the shining pearls at her throat and the ivy leaves in her ruffled hair.

Then he lifted his tiny face and looked coolly around at the others with a child's open, direct, inquiring gaze.

"Who is he so like?" asked the Colonel.

Mrs. Trendworth looked down attentively.

"Some one we know well. Oh—" she broke off abruptly.

She turned to Damyn.

"He is like you."

"You've hit it, Maria!" vowed her brother.

Iva looked around triumphantly.

"I said so to Granny when first Willie came here!" she cried.

Geoffrey gave a short laugh.

"I ought to be tremendously flattered, I know. He is an uncommonly nice little chap!"

He could notice the likeness himself.

And then Lionel murmured a word to Iva, nodded to Sir Geoffrey and the Colonel, thanked Mrs. Trendworth, and was out and striding home in the dusk of the winter dawning.

And the others hurried to luxurious dressing-rooms, and warmth, and coziness, and sleep.

Willie toddled back to bed; the dip candle was extinguished; and in the little lodge was silence, but not peace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Do you know that Geoffrey is falling in love with Iva?" the Earl asked.

"With Iva?" she cried out. "No—oh, no!"

Her tone was protesting, almost vehement. She did not notice the penetrating look he gave her.

And so her vague fear was to be realized. What right had he to love a girl like Iva? How dare he, remembering her whose life he had ruined?

A dull, lowering December afternoon. There had been a thaw, and the roads were disagreeably slushy. The air was damp and raw.

In the western sky a yellowish fire flickered. But soon the general grayness and darkness obscured even this shabby bit of cheerfulness.

And my lady, rolling homeward with her husband in their luxurious drag, shivered a little and drew her lovely sables more closely around her.

"Yes. Is it possible you have not remarked it? Why, Harrington spoke of it to me."

She was silent. She was trying to think it over calmly.

This was what she had been dreading. His growing infatuation she had tried hard not to see. But if others were already beginning to talk about it, it was quite absurd for her to endeavor to keep her eyes closed any longer.

She became conscious her husband was regarding her with a steady, sidelong glance.

Was he thinking her silence strange?

She forced herself to speak,—

"And Iva—do you suppose she cares anything for him?"

"Hard to tell. Iva does not wear her heart on her sleeve. And Geoffrey has always been a lion among the ladies."

"Yes," she murmured, absently.

It was strange if she was not attracted by him. There was something distinguished about the fellow, and his usual air of indifference to people and opinions must indirectly flatter and fascinate the girl when she saw it vanish in her presence.

She was roused by the Earl's voice.

"I thought," speaking slowly, "that perhaps you were aware of this."

"I? how could I be?" looking straight ahead.

"Oh," carelessly, "Damyn seemed so anxious to confide in you last evening, I fancied perhaps you allowed him to do so."

In mute inquiry she turned her face toward him.

With a sort of savage irritation he noticed how thin it was, how very large the dark-fringed gray eyes.

"I was passing through the picture gallery about dark last evening. You and Damyn was standing near the window. I heard him say, 'For Heaven's sake, let me tell you the story of my love!' And you answered, 'No!'"

"Ah!" she said, coldly.

She remembered. Those were his words—yes. But how strangely a fragment of the conversation sounded!

They had met by chance in the picture-gallery. He had started, as he found it difficult not to do when he met unexpectedly.

"Forgive me! You looked so like your sister just now!" in apology for the word he had crushed between his teeth at sight of her.

And she, forgetting she had resolved to pretend to him ignorance of the whole affair, flashed out in sudden fury,—

"How dare you mention her?"

"Why should I not?"

In scornful silence she would have passed on. He had stretched out his hand,

"Let me tell you about it—for Heaven's sake, let me tell you the story of my love!"

She answered,—

"No!"

And that scrap the Earl had heard!

Did the Earl really suppose that what he had overheard referred to Iva?

"Why would you not hear Sir Geoffrey," he insisted.

He wanted the Countess to vindicate herself. He feared Damyn had not had reference to Iva at all. And he would not let himself think the man had alluded to a passion for his (Lord Silverdale's) wife. She had refused to listen, it was true. But why had she not confided in him, so that he might dismiss from his home so traitorous a friend? He could not very well insult his invited guest without some excuse for so doing.

He felt like a hypocrite as he endeavored to force an explanation. But a hundred trivial incidents, aggregating a huge and ill-defined suspicion, haunted him—had haunted him all day.

She felt annoyed at his questioning. Why had he ever asked the man to the house?

"Because I had, and have, no interest in Sir Geoffrey Damyn's amours."

To his excited mind the answer seemed like a deliberate evasion.

Neither spoke again till they reached the eastern lodge.

"Not here, please. Drive to the southern entrance. I wish to see Granny Morris."

He shifted the reins, and drove on.

"I shall not be long," she said, as he drew up the prancing bays before the little cottage.

He alighted, helped her out, and stepped back again.

Whether her absence was short or long he could not have told, as he sat there brooding deeply, while the air grew colder and the darkness fell.

With light tread my lady went up the path, turned the handle, and went in. The little parlor was unlighted, but into it from the open door of the kitchen streamed a cheery radiance.

Voices!

Involuntarily she paused. Had granny a visitor?

"My yady!" cried Willie.

"No, no!" said Granny Morris. "Your lady won't come to-night. Now be a good boy, Willie and let me put you to bed."

In the dark parlor the Countess, still unseen, looked on in amusement at the struggle.

For just as Granny got her wrinkled hands on him, the wee chap slid away, and at a safe distance reiterated his demand:

"My yady!"

"Whom does he mean?" was asked by another voice.

Who could that be? The Countess started.

Ah, she remembered now! The poor creature who had been found at the gates. They had told her about it. That must be she.

She was crossing the white boarded kitchen. Against the crimson firelight her figure looked grotesque, small, hunch-backed, and stooping.

"Why, the Countess to be sure. Ah, you scamp!" cried granny, explanatory and reproachful in a breath. "The Countess of Silverdale. She knew his parents, and her. And she seems to think a sight of him. I suppose the Castle is a bit lonely with never a child in it. And some women are born mothers, you know. They never seem happy unless when caring for some poor, helpless little creatures. And the Countess, for all she is haughty, they say, she seems to be one of those."

The stranger sat down near the fire. Willie played hide and seek around her chair, eluding Granny's grasp.

"Hardly a night since he came but she's been down here," Mrs. Morris went on, panting from her futile exertions. "And she sits right there and cuddles him in her arms, and plays with him, till, bless you! he's got so now you can't get him to bed till he's seen her. You rascal you!"

For Willie, just captured, had slipped from her hold, and was flying around the kitchen in his nightgown, barefooted and laughing.

Around he went, Granny after him. But granny had "the rheumatics," and could move but slowly. His second circle half completed, Willie dashed his sunny head into a soft mass of velvet and fur.

"My lady!" cried granny.

"My yady!" echoed Willie.

She tossed the old woman a parcel and took the little fellow up in her arms.

"And was Willie wanting me?"

"Ess."

He cuddled his head down in her perfumed furs.

Granny meanwhile opened the parcel. She shook out a dress, a lovely little confection, as our French cousins would call it, all rich blue velvet and silver braid.

"Oh," the lodge-keeper cried "for Willie! Isn't it too fine for him, your ladyship?"

But her ladyship only looked at her in the silence of displeasure.

"That is my affair," she said, quietly, at length. "You are paid for taking care of him, not for offering your opinion!"

Mrs. Morris courtesied humbly.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon!"

Indifferently the Countess turned away, fixed her cold gray eyes on the quaint figure by the fire.

"Who is your guest, granny?"

The woman rose.

Silhouetted against the lamplight and firelight she looked more uncanny than ever.

"Her name is Mrs. Lester, my lady."

"Ah! Mrs. Lester. You are going to remain here, I suppose Mrs. Lester?"

The silvery head was inclined towards Granny Morris.

"You may stay if you want to!" assented that individual, curtly.

She was suffering still from her rebuff.

But even her old eyes noticed what a contrast the two woman made in the firelight.

A tremendous contrast! One young, fair, dark haired, the transitory bloom of her drive in the chill air tinging her cheek; one erect, graceful as a willow-tree, clad all in softest velvet, in costliest furs. And the other small, dark skinned, silver haired, with glasses on her eyes, and a cheap stuff gown on her poor deformed little body.

"Well, I must go—the Earl is waiting. Make yourself comfortable. If you need anything, come to the Castle for it," turning carelessly to Mrs. Lester. "Good-night, granny! good-night, Willie, darling—Why, if he isn't asleep!"

And sure enough he was, with his pretty pink face crushed against her neck.

She laid him gently in granny's outstretched arms, bent and kissed him, hurried away, leaving behind her a scent of patchouli, and in one woman's heart a bitterness passionate and profound.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EXCELLENT *chef*, Lilian!

The Countess nodded and smiled.

"That *timbale*," pursued Aunt Clara's fat and comfortable voice, "was really a masterpiece! Do you know, my dear, if it was steamed?"

Her ladyship rose and laughed.

"I am sure I haven't the faintest idea, Aunt Clara. And now I am going to introduce you to a particular friend of Mrs. Trendworth's."

All unexpected and unannounced, a few hours ago, had Aunt Clara arrived, bag and baggage, at Castle Silverdale.

"Your father has gone travelling with an old friend in the south of France, and I couldn't endure the thought of spending Christmas alone in the Honor" she explained. "Besides, Marcer has degenerated, I assure you. The patties served last week were execrable."

And the Countess had welcomed her, secure in the consciousness of an excellent cuisine, and aware that this solitary fact would render Aunt Clara's visit one of placid delight—and digestion.

They were all in the cream and gold drawing room this blustering December night, just one week before Christmas.

Nora Dallas had dropped in during the afternoon, and they had insisted on her staying to dinner, Sir Geoffrey Damyn promising to take her home later.

And Mrs. Trendworth, whose guests had all gone to the theatricals at Elmsly, had driven over to spend an hour or two; and Lionel Curzon had come in, as he had got into the habit of doing lately, without any apparent reason, and at reprehensible hours.

But just now Mr. Curzon was not as serenely happy as he seemed to be of late.

He wandered around like a stalwart and troubled spirit and said, "Yes, it was growing warmer," when the Earl asked him if he did not think the thermometer was falling; and to Aunt Clara's inquiry as to whether he preferred turkey stuffed with chestnuts or oysters, answered politely that he did not know there was any trouble with turkey—he had missed reading the newspapers lately.

Whereat the old lady glared at him over her very round and very rosy cheeks, and at once set him down as a frivolous and disrespectful young man.

At last young Curzon veering round the room, but never failing to closely watch the door was rewarded by seeing it open, and Iva's sweet face look in.

She was wrapped in sealskin from head to heel; a dark velvet toque rested on her golden hair, and her cheeks were glowing.

Nora Dallas was singing.

So she did not immediately enter—just telegraphed a nod and a smile to the others and stood waiting for the song to be done.

It was finished. She came in, pushing before her a charming *little* figure—a tiny laddie, in a dress of rich blue velvet, with ruffles of real point, forming deep cuff and collar.

The yellow hair, cut straight across the baby brow, tumbled behind in smooth curls. The black eyes were shining with excitement; the pretty lips were parted.

"Iva!"

The tone was almost angry. Impulsively my lady rose to her feet.

"Why did you bring the child here!"

"Why, mamma—why not?"

The girl looked at her stepmother in surprise.

And now the Countess became aware that the others also were regarding her.

She laughed.

"Why not indeed, dear, unless that he ought to be in bed and asleep hours ago? Late hours are bad for babies."

She crossed over to him, began smoothing the pretty hair and talking to him. She was glad of this chance to be near him, to touch him.

"I was down at the lodge with granny," explained Iva to the rest, who were commenting on the little fellow, "and she was just trying on the new dress mamma had given him. He looked so lovely I thought I must bring him up for you all to see him."

She had flung off her cloak and cap as she talked, and now stood revealed, a tall and *svelte* young figure, in her tight-fitting black cloth walking dress, with bands of snow white linen encircling throat and wrists.

"He looks like—I declare he looks like Sir Geoffrey!" exclaimed Nora Dallas.

"Oh, indeed, we've remarked that before!" Mrs. Trendworth assented.

And Aunt Clara, solemnly surveying the diminutive and picturesque figure through her gold-edged glasses, capped the climax by deciding in her deep, round voice:

"Why you look like enough to be father and son, you two, Sir Geoffrey!"

Her hearers laughed, lightly and carelessly.

But the Countess, seated on a low tete-a-tete chair, her arms around the boy, standing on the other curved seat, looked up, without the slightest volition of consciousness of doing so, full into the pondering, half angry eyes of Geoffrey Damyn.

He possessed some odd, magnetic force which compelled her to answer his gaze. And, as once before, the Earl intercepted his wife's queer, reluctant, half terrified glance.

Sudden and awful as a thunderbolt, recognition of the strangeness of the scene crashed upon the Countess.

Here, in the magnificent drawing-room of the home of a proud race, were gathered father, mother, child!

And here, too, ignorant of it all in his trust, his nobility, stood the master of the mansion, regarding the man as simply his friend, the woman his own wedded wife, the child merely an object of her gentle charity!

What a vile imposition!

Low as she had fallen in her mad scheming, in her recklessness, in the desperate carrying out of a perilous plot, she acknowledged this.

Poor Marguerite! she was born to misery. All had been well for Lilian. Every one had loved her, even Death. He had chosen her before Marguerite. But no, no! What was she thinking? She must not let her thoughts run riot so, or some day she would find herself speaking her mind out in spite of herself. She dare not, even for a second, forget that Marguerite it was who was dead—Lilian lived!

And all the time—not a long time, to be sure, for, like a flurry of snow at the pane, it had all whirled through her brain and was gone—they were chatting and laughing around her, and speaking of the Bracebrough ball and the coming Christmas festivities.

How gay they were! how light-hearted—how happy! And she! Oh, the one thought weighed upon her like a nightmare.

Geoffrey Damyn and his child—her child—under this roof!

What was the matter with her head? How queer it felt! She knew her husband was watching her. She must get away from it all a moment—from the light, the noise, all, or she might cry out her secret as she had longed with an almost irresistible longing to do of late.

She stood up.

"I am just going to get a glass of water—No, don't ring for it; don't go yourself. I would rather go, I will be back in a moment."

This in a low voice, in answer to Harold's questioning eyes.

Unperceived she slipped out, crossed the hall, and entered the library.

Here the fire had burned down, the lamps were lowered. Here it was cool and dark. Here she could recover herself.

She flung herself down on a broad, low lounge, covered with a tiger skin and heaped with cushions.

She clasped her hands behind her head, and lay quite still. Her slippered feet were crossed; her dusty draperies trailed over the polished floor.

In the drawing room the chatter, the laughter, ceased. Then Iva began to sing.

A week before, Mr. O'Donnell—Mrs. Trendworth's Irish friend—had begged her to learn the song to please him, and she had laughingly consented.

And the Countess, lying still and quiet in the semi-gloom, heard through the half-open doors the pathetic sweetness of the ballad which her step-daughter sang:—

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night,
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her smiles and her tears are worth evening's best light."

There was the usual ripple of applause, over which the Countess could hear Mr. O'Donnell's hearty voice, crying,—

"A thousand thanks, Lady Iva! And isn't it now a most delightful song, my dear?"

"The wild freshness of morning!" Ah, that went from her for ever when she was very, very young, the Countess thought. He had blasted it—Geoffrey Damyn.

But she must not think about it all—she must not. She grew so bitter and revengeful when she gave way to such thoughts; and she was actually afraid of herself at such times.

Only—a few hot, sorrowful tears forced themselves under the burning lids—only she was so sorry for the girl whose morning had been plunged in one sad hour into dayless night.

"Your turn, Jimmie!"

Indistinctly she could hear the conversation in the drawing room beyond.

Young Talbot had come in with Iva, but his entrance had been almost unnoticed because of the presence of little Willie.

He was an admirable elocutionist. Doubtless they were asking him to recite.

She could hear him protesting, "You are tired of that!" and they insisting, "No, oh no!"

She smiled faintly. Many a time had they chaffed Jimmie over his eternal rendition of "*Aux Halieux*," and yet they would have nothing else.

He began. My lady could hear the sonorous young voice repeating the mellow lines of the fantastic, yet soulful poem.

Dreamily she lay, a peace like that of the opium eater's, vague and foundationless, creeping softly over her.

Without, the moon was buffeting her way up the cloud encumbered sky. Now she showed her pale face, and now she wrathfully hid it in some greenish black sky drift.

The curtains were pushed back from the lofty windows. Through them, as though at a panorama, the countess gazed.

What was that? Someone, something here at the casement?

Oh, no, no! She was so nervous; every shadow startled her!

Jimmie was almost through. As one in a trance she lay and listened to the last sad lines:

And I think in the lives of most women and men
There's a time when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven!"

Such a shriek! Barely was the last line spoken, when it rang through the Castle—a wild, shrill, quivering, shriek.

Instantly those in the drawing-room were on their feet, alert, dismayed.

What had happened?

"Lilian!"

It was the Earl who had spoken.

He flung wide the door and sprang across the hall.

The others crowded after him. The scream had undoubtedly come from the library.

Jimmie Talbot grasped the lamp from the clutch of one of the mailed figures at the stairway, and carried it into the darkened room.

"Lilian—Lilian, darling!" the Earl cried.

For just before the great central window she was standing, one arm outflung, pointing ahead, a defiant, yet crouching little figure.

Iva hurried to her, and put her arms around her.

"Mamma—dear mamma—what is it?"

A queer scene. The great library lighted only by the crimson lamp in the boy's hand. The group of startled guests. The commanding figure of the Earl, to which little frightened Willie clung. The two women in the centre of the room, one consoling, questioning, the other clinging to her, scared, sobbing.

"What was it, dear?" the Earl asked, gently.

She could only point shudderingly to the window.

"I saw it there."

"Wha?"

She broke into hysterical weeping.

"A ghost," she cried. "I saw a ghost!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A GHOST!

Half-a-dozen voices repeated it incredulously.

"Come, Lilian," the Earl urged, bending over her; "you are not well. You have been looking wretched of late. Come to your room."

She turned to him from Iva. She clung to him, sobbing convulsively.

"There—I saw it there!"

She did not lift her face from his breast, where she had huddled it, but her hand pointed to the window.

A silence fell upon them. That subtle acknowledgement of the spiritual world, which is not exactly superstition, but something very closely akin to it, fell upon them.

The voice of the lady of the Castle, sounding weird and tremulous in the stillness and the partial gloom, spoke on:

"I was lying on the lounge. Jimmie was reciting. All at once I saw at the window—something! I jumped up—looked again—"

She flung her hands over her face with a stifled scream.

"Well, what did you think you saw?"

It was Aunt Clara who impatiently propounded the question.

She was not at all pleased at having her digestion disturbed in this fashion.

The Countess, crouching in her husband's arms, turned her gray eyes slowly on her.

"I have told you."

"You said a ghost."

They were all silent, attentive, thrilled in spite of themselves.

"I meant it."

Her voice sounded hollow and far away.

"Whose?"

She was wholly merciless, this rotund devote of flawless dinners.

"Lilian's!"

"Lilian's!"

In various accents they echoed the word.

The poor woman! the shock must have half-crazed her, whatever it was.

"That is her own name," Mrs. Trendworth explained to her friend. "She is probably thinking of her sister who died lately!"

"Do you mean to say you saw your own ghost," demanded her relentless relative, wrought up to quite a fever of exasperation, "or Marguerite's?"

"Hush!" interposed the Earl, sternly.

But his wife had slipped from his hold, was standing erect in the midst of them, staring wildly about her.

"Yes, yes!" Her breast was heaving, her cheeks crimson, her breath coming quick and chokingly. "Of course it was Marguerite I saw—a dead face there at the window, pressed against the pane, looking in at me. Of course Mrrguerite's. She is dead. I live, I am Lilian. Poor Marguerite!"

And then all at once the light fled from her eyes. Her face grew ashen. She reeled backward.

The Earl caught her.

Little Willie began to cry. Jimmie Talbot took him up in his arms.

"She has fainted!" the Earl said, gravely. "Make way, please."

Holding the small form in his arms as though it were that of a child, he passed through his bewildered guests into the hall, up the grand stairway.

"Take Willie home," Iva said to Jimmie.

And then to the other: "You will excuse me for a little while, I know."

She vanished after her fater.

Full of astonishment at the painful scene, feeling that just now absence would be the greatest kindness they could show their host, Mrs. Trendworth, Lionel and the rest donned their wraps, and, leaving sympathetic messages with Aunt Clara, hastened homeward.

A footman was sent post haste into Rothlyn for a doctor. For upstairs in her brazen bed, all canopied in cream and vielle rose, the Countess of Silverdale lay unconscious.

The Earl could not be persuaded to leave her side.

Here and there flitted Iva, doing all that could be done till the physician came.

"I know I can't be of the slightest use to

you or poor Lilian, my dear," Aunt Clara declared to her, "so I might as well try and get a snatch of sleep."

Lady Iva heartily concurred. So after soliciting herself with a slice of cold roast duck, and a glass of Versenay, the relict of Paul Theophilus trotted off to the enjoyment of a prolonged and self-satisfied repose.

One by one the lights were extinguished. Soon only three remained burning. One in the hall, one in my lady's chamber, and the other in the smoking-room, where, in solitary state, Sir Geoffrey Damyn sat with an unread London newspaper on his knee, and a glass and decanter at his elbow.

Drinking brandy and water he sat long, glowering at the ashes in the grate, and thinking over the incident in the library.

"A deuced queer affair!" he muttered. "Lilian's face, she said. She must have meant Marguerite's. Gad! she probably saw her own reflection. They were like enough to—to confound themselves, from all accounts. What kind of a yarn could Marguerite have told this one, the Countess, about me, anyhow? Pshw! how she flared up when I referred to her sister the other night in the picture gallery!"

He took a long pull at his brandy and water.

"Hark! the knocker. That's the prince of pills and plasters!"

And then he crossed his legs and settled himself more comfortably, and finished his glass.

"A queer one, this young wife of Silverdale!" he cogitated. "Cold as charity, and proud as his satanic majesty, and pretty as—well, pretty as my poor, lost Marguerite. Cold? Perhaps I wrong her there. She seems tremendously fond of that little rascal who bears such an embarrassing likeness to me. And to-night when I was watching them together, and thinking just so might have looked Marguerite and her child if all had gone well—and if she had had a child—Oh, hang it all—too many ifs!"

He leaped up, paced round the room, his hands in his pockets.

Five minutes—ten.

He paused at the mantel above the low cabinet mirror, on which were ranged whips and guns.

Quite a long time he stood there, his chin on his palms.

A handsome face that which the glass reflected—pale, fair moustached, black eyed, refined, languid, aristocratic in every curve and feature.

But he was not looking at himself, was not even thinking of himself.

His heart was with his old love, his brain perplexedly considering the Countess his hostess. How he did confound the two, to be sure! But who could fail to do so?

She was very fond of the youngster. Who was he? A fondling. He did look enough like him to be his son, as that blundering old lady had remarked. Where had the Countess picked him up.

Suddenly, without warning—for in his mind's most erratic and outrageous conjecture nothing of the sort had ever before dawned on him—he beheld a possibility.

"What cursed nonsense!"

He had actually recoiled. But now he laughed aloud, ran his white fingers through his hair, flung himself down again in his chair.

It was absurd—the very idea! And yet the lad was the image of himself, and the Woodville sisters had been very much attached. What might not one do through love for the memory of the other? The Countess loved the little chap. Why had she interested herself in him? why brought him down here? Why? unless, indeed, he was Marguerite's son; and if so—his!

He jumped up again, nervous, excited. He was full of the ridiculous idea, furious at himself for his inability to banish the intrusive suggestion.

It was out of the question. Marguerite had never had a child. He would surely have heard something of it had such been the case—some hint, some rumor. But the care, the love the Countess gave the little fellow! His remarkable likeness—

Sir Geoffrey Damyn wheeled round and poured himself out another glass of brandy.

"I'll find out!" he avowed, between his white teeth. "Ah, there goes the doctor!" as the clanging of the main door reached him. "But how shall I find out? I have it, my boy! The longest way round is the shortest way across, as the adage runs. I'll insist on telling her ladyship the story of her sister's pleasant summer with me, and then—then I'll ask her if she blessed me with an heir before she died?"

He laughed low and bitterly, soliced himself with a final "nightcap," and went to bed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"NERVOUS prostration, your lordship." It was three o'clock in the morning, and the outer world was unpleasantly raw and dismal. But here in the splendid dining room of Silverdale Castle was light and warmth and comfort, for attentive servants had kept the lamps bright and the fire clear and crimson.

And here, too, was to be found spiritual consolation, for on the shining table of red, black mahogany was a silver tray, bearing cut crested glasses, and flagons of ruby and golden liquor.

"Help yourself, doctor."

"Thank you, I believe I will! As I was saying, the trouble with her ladyship is nervous prostration. She has lost flesh, Lady Iva assures me, and her pulse is too high."

And the distinguished looking old "prince of pills and plasters," as Geoffrey Damyn had dubbed him, accelerated his pulse by a glass of his noble patron's purple port, and seated himself opposite that fagged and anxious individual.

"Do you know if her ladyship has had any mental disturbance, anything on her mind—worry of any sort?"

The Earl, stretched out in a chair of olive leather, his long legs crossed, his hands clasped behind his handsome head, briefly uttered a negative.

But might she not have? he was asking himself. He seemed hardly to know her of late. Her heart was not to him the open book it had been in those first blissful weeks of their wedded life. Had she changed? or was it he?

Doctor Cullen took out his snuff-box and snapped back the ivory lid.

"I understand the Countess lost lately a sister to whom she was devotedly attached."

Then he took a pinch of the brown powder between his white, tapering forefinger and thumb, and treated himself to it with an air of appreciation.

"Yes—last September," the Earl answered, looking up.

Perhaps Lilian was grieving too much for Marguerite. He hoped that was all that was making her thin and hollow-eyed of late. It would be a relief to think there was really nothing but that affecting her. The certain knowledge of the same would put an end to all the vague doubt, dread which had been tormenting him.

"Ah!" interestedly and significantly.

"Yes, I am sure that is at the root of her illness, brooding over her sister's death," pursued the Earl, eagerly.

He was sitting bolt upright now. He was anxious to convince himself.

"To-night, before she fainted, she alarmed us all by screaming out that she saw the face of her dead sister pressed against the pane. I did not mention this before. I failed till now to see the necessity of so doing."

The doctor carefully tucked his snuff box away in his pocket.

"You confirm my impression, my lord. Nervous prostration, I said—the natural outcome of excessive, perhaps suppressed grief. She does not go into society?"

"Not at all. Of course, people come here—a few. And on occasions she has been induced to attend certain social gatherings, but as a general thing her life is quiet to dulness."

"Wrong, wrong—quite wrong, my lord."

He had been physician to the father of the present Earl, this aquiline-nosed old gentleman with the ruddy cheeks and "sleek head a sphere of snow," so he felt privileged now to speak his mind peremptorily.

"Seclusion for her in her present morbid condition is very unwise. She is young; she requires amusement, gaiety, pleasure, the presence of happy-hearted people. She must go out—keep up her spirits. That is the medicine she needs; no other. And, if your lordship will pardon me for suggesting it, I think a houseful of guests would do her a world of good."

"But she would not hear of such a thing!" the Earl exclaimed. "Why, her sister is only dead three months!"

"My dear sir, she must be made to hear of it!" In his impatience he brought his palm soundingly down on the mahogany. "Deference to custom must not stand in the way of health. Her ladyship must not be allowed to drift into a condition of melancholia."

And on the strength of this decision he rose, drank another glass of the Earl's famous old port, and called for his carriage.

When he was gone the Earl hurried upstairs.

Iva sat at his wife's bedside. She lifted her finger to her lips at sight of him.

He glanced at the face on the pillow. Childishly youthful and fair it looked, with the peace of sleep upon it.

"Go to bed," he whispered to Iva. "I will watch the rest of the night. Sweet dreams, dear!"

And he kissed her.

He was very fond and proud of her, this queenly young daughter of his.

He let himself fall into the seat she had vacated. He felt tired, but no longer anxious.

His poor little Lilian! How gentle hearted, how full of sympathy and compassion she was! how loyal! How she had sorrowed over that friend of hers whose life had been wrecked in London! How generously she was caring for her child, and all the time, too, mourning for Marguerite! In truth, "sorrows of others" were casting a very grave shadow over her.

It all passed through his mind as he lounged there looking at her.

One little hand was flung over her head. Palm uppermost, it lay on the embroidered pillow.

What a curious red scar was that across it! He had never noticed it before. Like an old cut—a zig-zag, scarlet line.

The light was subdued. He leaned forward, the better to observe the peculiar mark.

It looked very tempting, the pretty hand which wore his magnificent diamond and plain-gold wedding ring.

He bowed lower till his lips touched the smooth, firm flesh.

She moved; a murmur came from the delicate lips.

Over the sleeping face a sentient shadow, like sheet lightning, flickered.

She was trying to speak. Had the light touch of his lips aroused her?

He paid slight attention to the growing words, though his face was still bent low and tenderly above her.

What was that word—Geoffrey? Surely not! oh, no!

He slipped from the chair to his knees, leaned forward in a very passion of excitement, jealously, and strained his ears to hear.

"It is I, Geoffrey!"

A pause. Did an hour pass, or a minute. Then the sweet voice trembled out again, "Don't tell the Earl."

It faltered.

He clenched his teeth and his hands; he bent his ear to her pink lips. How her bosom was heaving! The dainty night-gown, all a-ruffle with Valenciennes, pantingly rose and fell.

Hush! Once again,—

"I—Geoffrey—but he—loves me. He—must never know!"

Silence!

"Geoffrey!"

And now the curved lips were smiling.

The Earl did not speak nor move, nor even groan. But as he knelt there all the love and the hope and the tenderness and the faith died out of his face.

Slowly he rose to his feet, slowly he retreated. Was this the girl who had laid her fair, clasped hands on his breast less than a year ago, and said, "I love you?" Was this the noble and lovely lady he had wedded in the little Devon church?—this woman who softly in her dreams murmured another name than his?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TURTLES AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.—A Frenchman in Siam has recently written to a French sporting paper an account of his experience with turtles as beasts of burden.

He bought two big fellows for $10 each and harnessed them together by means of an elaborate wire and chain arrangement. Then he fastened them to an eighteen foot row boat in a neighboring harbor, got into the boat and let the turtles go.

They started off with a rush that upset everything in the little craft, including the Frenchman, and made for the open sea at the rate of a man walking fast.

They paid no attention to the reins with which the Frenchman tried to guide them. After four hours of vain tugging and pulling the Frenchman was obliged to cut loose from them in order to keep within sight of land.

The last he saw of his $10 turtles as he rowed back to land they were still forging ahead in their double harness. He will repeat the experiment shortly in an inland lake, where the turtles cannot get away from him. He is confident that a little training would make any big turtle a cheap and sufficient traction power in the water.

AS TRUTH is no less dear to those who are tolerant of error, so righteousness is no less precious to those who are tolerant to wrong-doers. Indeed it is usually those who are most firm in their allegiance to the right that are the most charitable in their judgments, the most modest and reticent in their condemnations.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WEEK.—It was the Egyptian astronomers who gave the names to the seven days of the week, calling them after the sun, moon, and five planets. The Chinese and Thibetans have only five days in their week, named after iron, wood, water, feathers, and earth.

BIRDS EGGS.—Scotch fishers, who may be reckoned among the most superstitious of folk, believe that contrary winds and much consequent vexation of spirit will be the result of having eggs on board with them; while in the West of England it is considered very unlucky to bring birds eggs into the house, although they may be hung up with impunity outside.

SPEAKING PICTURES.—Delmar Guancia a Spaniard, who is now visiting the principal cities in this country, does not speak a word of English. He expresses his wants by pen pictures. If he wants a pitcher of water he shows the picture of a pitcher to the bell-boy. If he desires to attend a theatre, he shows the picture of a stage with actors to the hotel clerk and a boy is assigned to take him to the best show.

THE CHINESE.—The Chinaman in New York always takes spirits with his meals, pouring rice-whisky into a tiny cup from a pewter pot; but he always drinks moderately, and never apart from meals. When a party of Chinamen sit around a table, one dish of each kind is served, and all pick from the same dish with chopsticks. When there are several courses, the earlier dishes are never removed, and by the time a good dinner has been served the table is literally buried under dishes.

THE SOAP PLANT.—In the valleys of California grows a tall slender-stemmed illiaceous plant with purple and white flowers which played an important part in the economy of the Spanish population, and is still more or less used by the country people. It is the well-known amole or soap plant. It rises from a subterranean bulb which is egg-shaped in form, two or three inches in diameter, and enveloped in a thick coating of black, matted, hair-like fibres. This bulb has the detergent properties of soap, cleaning the hands or clothing quite as well as and much more pleasantly than the coarser kinds of soap.

LADIES AND CIGARETTES.—It is said that some ladies, in the privacy of their boudoirs, smoke cigarettes. How far there may be truth in that rude statement it is not in the power of any male person to say; but at least a sure and certain means has been found for restraining them from cigarettes in future. It has been discovered that ladies who smoke (it is a lady who says it) are troubled with a growth of hair upon their faces; and the habitual feminine smoker is said to nearly always possess a mustache. The prospect is so very dreadful (for men as well as for women) that the "ladies' tobacconist" may as well shut up shop at once.

JAPANESE JUGGLERS.—The skill of Japanese jugglers is illustrated by a recent incident at a Japanese dinner, where one of them was employed to entertain the company. A foreign guest determined to have no optical delusions about what the juggler did. He never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing this, the old juggler played to him cleverly. An immense porcelain vase was brought in the middle of the room, and the juggler crawling up, let himself down into it slowly. The sceptic then sat for half an hour without taking his eyes from the vase which he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on the trap-door. After this prolonged watch, the rest of the company assailed him with laughter and jeers, and pointed to his side, where the old juggler was seated fanning himself, and had been seated for some minutes.

QUEER NAMES.—Queer names certainly are found in the London general registry of births at Somerset House. For example young scions of the families of Bath, Lamb, Jordan, Dew, Dear, and Smith are christened respectively, Foot, Pascal, River, Morning, Offspring and Smith Follows. Mr. Cox called his son Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo. Mr. Jewett, a noted huntsman, named his Edward Bying Tally Ho Forward. A mortal that was evidently unwelcome is recorded as "One Too Many." Another of the same sort is "Not wanted James." Children with six to ten names are frequent. But probably the longest name in the world, longer than that of any potentate, is attached to the child of Arthur Pepper, laundryman, a girl who was given twenty six names, one for each letter in the alphabet.

PAIN.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Striving for heights he cannot attain,
Yearning to echo an angel's strain,
But voicing the ghost of his soul's refrain,
This is the poet's pain!

Burning to scatter such songs around,
That the air might burst into buds of sound,
And to see them abortive fall to the ground,
This is the poet's wound!

Feeling the heart in his breast aglow
With thoughts that would woo the saints below,
And then but the shadows of these to show,
This is the poet's woe!

Longing to change his spirit's verse
With a passion would thrill the universe,
And then but to drop into death—or worse,
This is the poet's curse!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"YOU HAVE read what my good friend says, dearest," he went on; "that little picture is a success. But there are others ready, and those—well, I am hoping great things for them. I should like to go to the earl and say, 'I am all unworthy of your daughter, I claim to be no more than an artist, but I have made good that claim, and ——'"

"Yes, we will wait," she broke in softly. "How clearly you see things, Cyril," and she beamed upon him proudly. "My father will consent then."

Cyril's face did not reflect her confidence.

"Well, dearest," he said, "if he should not?"

With downcast eyes she slid her arm round his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Nothing shall separate us!" she murmured.

Surely if the gentle wind amongst the leaves echoed their former love vows it echoed this tender resolute declaration of hers; but it found no echo in the heart of Guildford Berton, who, cowering behind a huge oak, listened to every word.

He stood close up against the tree, one hand thrust behind him, the other stretched up and grasping a branch with a convulsive, painful clutch.

His face was white, and his lips so tightly compressed that he seemed scarcely to breathe.

From his biding place he could not see their faces, but he could imagine the joy and rapture that glowed in them, and the mental vision tortured him as acutely as if he had actually seen them.

He longed to fling himself between the two and tear them apart, and his limbs writhed in impotent rage, so that the branch he held shook and trembled.

Presently he peered round the tree and saw Cyril gather together his painting materials—Norah helping him with a proud tenderness displayed in her every movement and glance—and then he watched them as they walked slowly away, side by side, their eyes meeting, their hands touching.

Once, as they were nearly out of his sight, he saw Cyril bend his head and kiss her, and at this, the last straw as it seemed, Guildford Berton flung himself on the ground, face downwards, as if to shut out his remembrance.

Five minutes passed, and then, as if with an effort, he got up and began to pace up and down.

"Let me think!" he muttered. "Let me think!" and he pressed his hand to his forehead as if with an effort to gain composure.

After a time calmness seemed to come back to him, and with something of his usual impassive manner he sat down at the foot of the tree, and with his hands tightly clasped, sank into deep thought.

Lord Ferndale had said to Norah that he did not understand Guildford Berton. Few people did. He was a mystery to all save himself, and that a young man, generally accounted clever, should give up his profession—in which he had shown promise of distinguishing himself—and bury himself in a country village, seemed to all who thought of it the wildest folly.

But Guildford Berton was no fool. Even at this moment he was wise enough to crush down the mad passion which was always ready to rise like an evil genius and master him, and to review his position.

"Am I going to lose?" he muttered. "After all! I was winning, slowly but surely! Slowly, inch by inch, I was getting that proud old fool under my thumb. Sooner or later his vagabond nephew, the viscount, would have made me his heir! Then this girl turned up. But I had reckoned on that. She is a woman, and to be won, and I would have won her! Yes, I feel it! Slowly and surely I would have gained it over her father. Everything was in my favor. She would have been thrown into my society every day. I would have won her. I, the steward's son, would have been the husband of an earl's daughter! I should have ranked as an equal in the place where my father was servant! But now—" he looked at the spot where Cyril had sat, and gnawed at his lip—"now, this wandering vagabond, this scamp, steps in between me and her!" his hand opened and shut convulsively.

"He will marry her in despite of her father, and all that should have been mine will be his! All! Even Norah!" The word dropped from his lips with an intensity which seemed to startle even himself. "Yes, I am a fool," he muttered. "I—I love her! That is my mistake! It is that which has made me weak and set my brain on fire! I love her! But for that I could be cool and play the game carefully, but—my love confuses me—drives all the thoughts out of my head!"

He sprang up and paced up and down. "And she, she hates me, or is near to hating me! And I feel it whenever I am in her presence. I read it in her face, in her voice when she speaks to me! And she will marry this artist fellow who comes from no one knows where, and I—" he ground out an oath, "I suppose I must give it all up, go back to London, and begin the old hateful life, made all the more hateful by the thought of all I had hoped to gain, all I have lost! No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, raising his hand as if he were actually registering a vow, "I will not. There is time yet! I set my brain against yours, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I will fight to the last—the last!"

Footsteps in the bracken startled him at this moment, and thinking it was Cyril or Norah coming back he was preparing to return to his hiding place, when he saw that it was Becca South.

He muttered an imprecation, but resuming his usual impassive manner, he went to meet her with a forced smile on his dark face.

Becca pulled up a few paces from him, and looked aside as if she were not in the best of humors, and her first words were spoken in a piqued and injured tone.

"I didn't expect to meet you," she said.

"Well, Becca," he retorted, taking her hand, after a slight struggle, and kissing her. "Unexpected pleasures are all the sweeter. What is the matter now? Is one of your tantrums?" and he smiled down on her face with affected good humor.

"No, I'm not," she said shortly, but walking by his side as he moved away from the glade; it is just possible Cyril or Norah might return. "But I ought to be. You're keeping away from me!" and she began to pout and flash her black eyes upon him.

"Now, Becca," he said, fighting with his impatience and speaking with a soft, persuasive voice, "do try and not be silly. Keeping away from you! Why, you silly child, I should like to be with you always."

"And why aren't you?" demanded Becca. "Why can't all the world know we're engaged ——"

He cast a glance round as if he dreaded that the trees would carry her words to human ears.

"I'm tired of this playing at hide and seek. You are ashamed of me, Mister Berton!"

Guildford Berton bit his lips, but still kept on the patient, humoring smile.

"Now Becca, don't talk nonsense," he said soothingly. "We'll take all the world into our confidence over our love affair as you wish, but presently, presently. You know how often I have told you that if it were to be known that you and I were going to be married," he spoke the words quite glibly, but it was fortunate for Becca that she did not see his eyes at that moment, "it would ruin all my plans! You must wait presently, Becca dear."

She began to cry in an angry kind of fashion.

"I—I don't believe you care for me now!" she sobbed. "Ever since that girl came you have changed—yes, you have, Mister Berton."

He started.

"That girl! What girl?" he asked, but he looked at her keenly.

"Why, Lady Norah!" retorted Becca between her sobs. "Oh, I'm not blind!"

He laughed.

"You are sillier than ever, you foolish girl!" he said banteringly. "What on earth can Lady Norah have to do with you and me?"

Somewhat reassured, Becca pulled out her pocket handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and in doing so out came the photograph of Catherine Hayes.

Guildford Berton's sharp eye caught it in a moment, and he stooped and picked it up, and holding it over his head above her reach, shook his head at her smilingly.

"Hallo, Becca! What's this? Come, that's good! You talk like this to me, and at the same time carry young men's portraits in your pocket, eh?"

Becca's face grew crimson, and she tried to reach the photograph.

"It isn't a man's," she said half sullenly. "Give it me back!"

"After I have admired my rival," he said with mock jealousy. "Really, Becca, I know you were a little flirt, but—what's this?" he stroke off as he looked at the portrait. "It is Lady Norah's!" he added as he read the inscription, and his voice changed. "Where and how did you get it?"

Becca, avoiding his dark piercing eyes, lied promptly.

"I found it on the staircase," she said. "She must have dropped it."

He looked at it attentively.

"Very likely."

"Well, give it me back if you've looked at it long enough," she said pertly.

But with a smile he put the photograph in his breast pocket, where it lay near the little blue phial.

"Not just yet," he said. "Don't be afraid, you shall have it back presently."

"What do you want it for?" she demanded. He could not have given her the only reason; that anything belonging to Norah was precious to him.

"For nothing," he said lightly. You shall have it back to-morrow. Now, don't bother, Becca," and he drew her arm within his and put back a tress of her black hair behind her ear in a caressing, lover-like fashion; and Becca ceased to think any more of the photograph of the sad-looking woman she had "picked up on the stairs."

CHAPTER XVI.

NORH LEFT Cyril, and walked homewards almost entirely happy. The only bar to her perfect happiness was the fact that she could not go straight to the earl and tell him all that had happened.

She had a natural detestation for secrecy and deception, and she thought with a sigh how delightful it would have been, if her mother or the faithful Catherine had been alive, to go to either of them and pour out her heart.

For it seemed to Norah as she went through the sunlit woods and over the velvety lawns that she had been the most fortunate girl in all the world.

There had never been another man since Adam was created like Cyril, and she stopped now and again, that she might recall his image and think of all he had said to her.

And it seemed to her that he had spoken, as he looked and behaved, like a hero.

He had said that she might have married some man with a title; but to her he seemed the noblest of men, and it was just in harmony with his character that he should wish to wait until he had made a name before he went to her father and asked for her.

He had said that he would rather be a self-made man than a belted earl, and she agreed with him.

Agreed with him! If he had declared that the moon was made of green cheese she would have assented.

Yes, she was happy, with the happiness which comes to a girl who has won the heart of the man to whom she has given her first—her best love.

She wondered how long it would be before she should see him again, how long before he would come and demand her hand of the earl.

She had said that if the earl refused it would make no difference to her; and under the great oaks she repeated her vow. Nothing should separate her from her hero, her lover.

When she reached the house she saw several carriages standing outside, and heard voices in the drawing-room.

It seemed full of people to her confused sense, and she stood for one moment looking round her; but the next, Lady Ferndale came forward and embraced her.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed, and held Norah at arm's length, as if to convince herself that the girl was whole and sound. "I couldn't stay away from you another hour, dear," she said, "and so I have brought my friends with me," and she introduced two ladies, who, by the way they greeted Norah, had evidently heard her praises sung by Lady Ferndale.

There were also two other ladies, ladies who had come to make their introductory call upon Norah; and the earl, standing with his "reception" smile upon his face, watched Norah beneath his brows closely.

But her thoughts had been sent scattering by the unexpected visitors, she regained her composure after a minute or two, and presided at the tea table with the quiet self possession which Lord Ferndale declared was one of her greatest charms.

"I was in despair when they told me you were out, dear," said Lady Ferndale, who had seated herself on a low chair beside Norah's table, and kept looking at the beautiful face, and glancing with covert triumph at her friends, as much as to say, "Did I exaggerate? Isn't she altogether charming?" "Where have you been, dear?" she asked.

Norah's face flushed slightly.

"For a walk," she replied.

"In such a heat!" said Lady Ferndale. "Ah, well, I did it when I was your age," and she sighed.

Norah smiled down at her.

"Are you so very old?" she said.

Lady Ferndale laughed.

"Not too old to enjoy myself, dear; and I've come to ask you to help me. We are going to have—what shall I call it, Mary?" she broke off, addressing one of her friends, Lady Mary Marley; "not a harvest home. No, but a kind of tenants' *fete*."

"In this heat?" said Norah with a smile.

Lady Ferndale laughed.

"Well, it's my husband's idea. He is never happy unless he has the people eating or dancing, or both, round him. We are going to make it quite a—a—may I say jollification, Lord Arrowdale?" and she nodded at the earl mischievously.

"All words assume a grace on Lady Ferndale made a little grimace.

"Well, a jollification. Awful word, isn't it, dear? A great big marquee is going to be put up on the lawn, and we—all of us—are to dance in it. I tell my husband that it will be sure to tumble down upon the top of us, but he says that it will make all the more fun. You'll come, won't you, Lord Arrowdale?"

The earl's face was a study.

"Most certainly," he responded; "especially if there be any prospect of rescuing Lady Ferndale."

"I never can get any advantage over him," said Lady Ferndale under her breath to Norah. "He is always equal to the occasion. Very well, then," she went on aloud; "then that's settled. I do hope you will enjoy yourself, dear."

"I am sure I shall," said Norah.

"Perhaps it would be as well to know the fate of the—the jollification," remarked the earl softly.

"Wednesday week," said Lady Ferndale promptly; then she bent forward and whispered:

"Norah, I have asked your Mr. Cyril Burne."

Norah had resolved that she would not blush at the sound of Cyril's name; but the color came into her face notwithstanding.

"You have asked him?" she said, trying to speak indifferently, and succeeding better than she hoped.

Lady Ferndale nodded.

"Yes, I called at Mrs. Brown's as I came along. I thought somehow that you would like me to call on him even before I reached you, dear."

Norah made a slight gesture of assent.

"He behaved so admirably. I heard it all from Jamieson the coachman. It was beautifully done! And he was so thoughtful and considerate in sending me that note. I have been telling your father all about it, but of course he sees nothing to admire in it. What do you think he said?"

"I don't know."

"That it was what any of the ploughmen would have done."

Norah sighed.

"And—and did you see him?" she asked rather guiltily.

"Mr. Burne? No. He was out painting, they said; but I left him an invitation, and Ferndale is going to call on him. He says that he is a very lucky man!"

Norah started, but Lady Ferndale ran on:

"And that if he had only insisted upon seeing you home, it would have been he who would have rescued you."

"But Lord Ferndale would have been inside the carriage," said Norah, smiling.

"still, please tell him that I thank him all the same."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind. I altogether decline to carry soft messages from you to him. He is quite infatuated enough, as it is."

Norah laughed, and the brightness in her face caught Lady Ferndale's attention.

"You seem very happy to-day, my dear," she said; "has anything happened?"

Norah felt the crimson burning her face and neck, and her eyes fell.

"Why, you have come to see me," she said.

Lady Ferndale bent forward and kissed her, making her feel a mass of dissimulation.

"My dear, you are simply irresistible. You got that trick of repartee from him," and she nodded towards the earl, who was talking to the others, who were listening in rapt attention as if to an oracle; "but the pretty speeches sound genuine from your lips. And was Mr. Burne very much hurt, dear?"

Norah arranged the tea cups before her, and kept her eyes down.

"Yes, I am afraid so," she replied. "He is obliged the wear his left arm in a sling."

"Then you've seen him," said Lady Ferndale. "Of course, he called to ask after you this morning."

Norah was silent, her heart beating, and Lady Ferndale got up.

"Come and see us as soon as you can, my child," she said as she kissed her, "and mind, Wednesday week!"

But even then it seemed as if she could not tear herself away, and half an hour passed before the carriages drove off.

The earl stood with Norah on the step waving his hand to the departing guests, and Norah thought that he looked, if not pleased, at any rate a little less cold than usual.

As a matter of fact, the self-possession and tact she had shown in the face of so many unexpected visitors had pleased him and flattered his vanity.

"Lady Ferndale is a truly charming woman," he said; "a—a little too exuberant, but—er—her position gives her great latitude. By the way, Norah, this Mr. Cyril Burne——"

Norah stood still and turned pale, but the earl was engaged in admiring his hands, and did not notice her face.

"Lady Ferndale tells me that she is, so to speak, taking him up. She seems to think that he behaved well in last night's stupid accident."

"Yes, he did, papa," she said in a low voice.

He looked at her with raised eyebrows, as if he did not need any confirmation of Lady Ferndale's opinion.

"Yes; she seems to be inclined to pay him some attention. I understand that she has asked him to this—this gathering. Under the circumstances, perhaps you had better treat him as a chance acquaintance, and—er—not completely cut him as I desired you to do."

Norah's heart beat fast, but she wisely kept silent and merely bowed her head. Treat Cyril as a chance acquaintance!

She repeated the words to herself as she ran upstairs, and his name was on her lips as she opened the door of her boudoir.

Then she stopped short, for Becca South was sitting at the table at needle work.

She looked up demurely as Norah entered, then bent over her needlework again.

"Why, Becca, you poor girl, have you been working all this time?"

"Yes, my lady," said Becca.

"And this lovely afternoon, too!" exclaimed Norah pityingly. "Pray run out and get a little fresh air."

Then when Becca, with a gesture as if she were thankful to change her position, got up and left the room, Norah threw herself into her chair beside the window, and gave herself up to the joy, the unspeakable delight of thinking of "him."

Cyril walked home upon air. He stopped several times just as Norah had done, but to ask himself what he had ever done to deserve such happiness.

Norah his! It seemed too good to be true, and to assure himself that he was not dreaming he took out the faded rose and kissed it.

Norah his! The thought was so huge, so overwhelming, that he could scarcely realize it, and he entered the little sitting-room in a kind of blissful dream.

Two letters were lying on the table. One was a prettily-worded little note an invitation from Lady Ferndale, and his first thought as he read it was:

"Will Norah be there?"

Concluding that, at any rate, there was a chance of her being present, he sat down and wrote an acceptance. Then he opened the other letter.

It was from the "true, tried" friend, Jack Wesley.

"Dear Cyril," it ran,—"If you have any sanity remaining come up at once. Business.—JACK."

At another time—say yesterday, for instance—Cyril would have decided that he had no sanity left, and would have refused to leave the neighborhood of his goddess; but now things had changed.

Norah was his, and he only waited for the big success he spoke of to her to go to the earl and ask for her. Business had suddenly become of novel importance to Master Cyril.

He decided that he would go up at once—that is, to-morrow morning. Then he asked himself how he should let Norah know.

He could not write, lest the letter should fall into the earl's hands, and he was not likely to repeat the mistake of sending a message by any third person, as he had done before.

"If I go up by the first train," he mused, "I shall be able to be back by night. Who knows, I may stand a chance of catching a glimpse of my darling! I will neither send a message nor write to her."

As is usual with men—and artists especially—when they are happy, he sat up late that night smoking, and thinking and dreaming of Norah, but in the morning he started for the early train.

He had got within sight of the station, and was feeling for his watch when he found that he had left it behind him.

In changing his everyday waistcoat for one more presentable and less paint stained he had taken out his watch and s ring, and placed them on the mantelshelf of the sitting room that "he might not forget" them, with the usual result.

As he remembered that now and again chance wayfarers dropping in at the inn sometimes made their way, by mistake, into the little room, he felt annoyed with himself, and half stopped, wondering whether he should have time to run back.

At that moment a pink dress flitted out of one of the cottages opposite which he was standing, and Becca South tripped past throwing him a smile.

It occurred to him that he would send a word of caution to Mrs. Brown about the watch, and he called to Becca.

She stopped, and came back and looked up at him sideways.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Yes," he said hurriedly, for he fancied he heard the train. "Look here, Becca, I've left my watch on the mantel-shelf at the inn. Are you going that way?"

She nodded, still eyeing him like a jackdaw.

"Yes, I'm going up to the Court, past the inn."

"Well, then," he said, "will you be so kind as to go in and ask Mrs. Brown to take the watch upstairs to my bedroom? Someone may come in—you understand?"

"Yes, I know," she assented with a nod. "I'll do it."

"Thank you, Becca," he said. "I seem doomed to give you trouble."

And he laid his hand on her shoulder, and nodded and smiled at her gratefully.

"By Jove, there's the train," he exclaimed in the same breath, and started off at a run.

Becca went down the road, and entered the bar of the inn—if anything so unlike an ordinary bar can be so called—but it was empty, and she was about to call Mrs. Brown, when she closed her lips suddenly, and on tiptoe approached the small passage that led to the sitting-room.

Neither Mrs. Brown nor the servant was in sight, and Becca's black eyes flashed through the open door all over the sitting-room.

Its artistic litter was something novel to her, and excited her curiosity, and after a moment or two of listening she stole softly inside.

She flitted to and fro, more like a jackdaw than ever, casting swift glances at the sketches and canvases, and turning over the books and knick-knacks which were strewn about the room; then she went to the mantelpiece.

The watch was there, and she took it up and looked at it. As she did so the chain dragged down the ring which, after the manner of rings, rolled across the room.

Away went Becca in pursuit, and after a short search she found it under the sofa.

It was a plain band of gold with the initials C. B. on it, which Cyril had in a moment of preoccupation scratched upon it with his penknife.

Becca turned it over and looked at it, then she tried it on one finger after another until she found that it fitted the little one, and then held up her hand and gazed it it admiringly, thinking how nicely it showed off her slim hand.

Eve like, she passed from the admiring to the covetous mood.

He had said nothing about a ring; perhaps he had forgotten all about it, and if—if she should keep it, he would conclude that he had lost it. It was a beautiful ring, but no doubt a gentleman like Mr. Burne did not set much value on it.

While she was looking and longing and hesitating, Fate lent the evil one its aid, just as it had done in the matter of Catherine's photograph, Becca heard Mrs. Brown's voice in the kitchen. She started up and tried to pull the ring off her finger, but it stuck fast. In a spasm of terror lest she should be discovered in the room, she darted through the passage into the bar, waited a moment, then, still tugging at the ring under her apron, passed into the road. Before she had gone twenty yards the ring came off, and with a feeling of relief she turned, intending to replace it. But as she neared the bar door, she stopped and hesitated. After all, the worst was over. She had taken the ring, and she might just as well keep it.

She slipped it into her pockets and began to sing, and, still singing, stopped a few paces from the inn door. Then she called out "Mrs Brown!" and after a moment or two the landlady came into the bar. Becca walked toward the door as if she had only that second arrived.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," she said, "Mr. Burne asked me to come and tell you to take his watch upstairs. I forget whether he said he'd left it on the mantelshelf or on the table, but he said in the sitting-room."

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs Brown. "That's just like him; he's so careless and forgetful. Some of these days he'll lose something, and honest folks will get the blame. But there, he's an artist gentleman, and what can you expect?" she added, raising her voice as she went into the sitting-room.

"Is it there all right?" cried Becca in her clear treble.

"Yes, all right, and thank you, Becca South!" called back Mrs. Brown, and Becca went on her way singing like the innocent light-hearted girl she was.

* * * * * *

Cyril did not buy a paper, but sat in the corner of the carriage by the open window and thought of Norah, and his reverie was so pleasant and engrossing that he started with surprise when the train arrived at Paddington.

He was in so great a hurry to get his business done and return to Santleigh—and Norah—that he did not get on an omnibus as a poor artist should, but called a cab.

Jack Wesley's chambers were in Winchester-street, Strand, and the first thing Cyril saw as the cab stopped was his friend's head at the open window.

He waved Jack a greeting, and stood at the door of the chambers with outstretched hand.

"Behold, he cometh, clothed and in his right mind!" he said cynically, but with a pleasant smile.

Cyril wrung his hand and looked into the grave, earnest eyes affectionately.

"Yes, dear old Jack, I have come," he said.

"And in such haste that you have hired a chariot. Was it the burning desire to reach me, or have you discovered a gold mine in Santleigh?" and he went back to his writing table, but sat astride his chair, and leaning his elbows on the back looked up at Cyril with a smile.

Cyril's face flushed, and a glad light flashed into his eyes.

"Yes, Jack," he said, "and something even better than that!"

"Oh!"

The monosyllable dropped like a stone.

"Indeed! Then you might have spared yourself the trouble of rushing up on the small and contemptible bit of business I've got for you."

Cyril laughed.

"Dear old Jack!" he said, laying his hand on the broad shoulder and shaking him, "How I've missed that cynical voice of yours! Why, it seems ages since we parted instead of days—ages!"

His voice softened.

"But tell me all about it; what's the row, old fellow?"

Jack balanced his chair and stretched to the table for a letter. "Here's a note from Moses; he'll buy the other picture, 'The Silver Stream.'"

"N..!" exclaimed Cyril.

"Yes; and give you what you ask, but on conditions."

"Oh!"

Jack smiled.

"Oh, they are not hard ones. It seems that Lord Newall has taken a fancy to it."

Cyril opened his eyes and nodded. Lord Newall was a well-known patron of art, and his approval set the sign manual upon a picture, and the painter who obtained his lordship's good word might regard himself as made: the public in all things artistic is like a flock of sheep, and must have its bell-wether. Lord Newhall had but to set the lead and the sheep followed.

"By Jove!" muttered Cyril. "So Lord Newhall fancied 'The Silver Stream.' Well, I thought there might be something in it."

Jake Wesley smiled.

"Very nicely put. Goon, young man; your modesty is thrown away in this shop! Yes, he has bought the picture on condition that you paint another for him."

Cyril stared and laughed.

"If everyone made that condition, Jack; I would be a millionaire."

Jack nodded.

"Yes, it sounds rather insane, doesn't it? But there's reason in his madness. He wants you to paint a bit of the seashore outside his place in Brittany."

"In Brittany," echoed Cyril, and his face fell.

"What is your objection to Brittany, my friend?" he asked.

"That it's not in England," replied Cyril thoughtfully.

"That's more Brittany's misfortune than its fault, and you can scarcely expect Lord Newall to move it over here; or do you expect it?"

Cyril sat astride a chair in front of Jack's and leant his chin on his arms.

"In Brittany," he repeated. "How—how long will it take me?"

"Not being an artist—thank a merciful Heaven!—can't say," replied Jack. "What on earth can it matter to you how long it takes you?"

"It does matter," said Cyril gravely.

Jack Wesley shrugged his shoulders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEEN'S WARDROBE.—An inventory taken in the year 1600 of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth enables us to estimate the sumptuous attire with which the Virgin Queen at once delighted and astonished her subjects.

She had at the date named 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 169 gowns (round, loose and French), 136 forepartes, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 save guards, 85 doublets, and 18 lap mantles. Her gowns were of the richest and costliest material—purple, gold tissue, crimson satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet cloth and satins of dove-color, drake-color, horseflesh-color, and a very popular color, known in those olden times as "lady-blush." Some of the Queen's dresses are worthy of special note. We select a few of the most remarkable. A frock of silver cloth, chequered with red silk like bird's eyes, with demi-sleeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted on with silver, and lined with crimson velvet.

A French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers, and clouds of Venice gold, silver, and silk. The forepart of one dress was white satin, embroidered very fine, with border of the sun, moon, and other signs and planets of Venice gold, silver, and silk of sundry colors, with a border of beasts beneath, likewise embroidered. Other gowns were adorned with bees, flies, spiders, worms, trunks of trees, pansies, oak leaves, and mulberries; while some were resplendent with rainbows, suns, clouds, fountains, and flames of fire. Her buttons were of fantastic device, some being in the shape of flowers and butterflies, and those on one gorgeous dress were in the similitude of paradise. Altogether, the Virgin Queen, when arrayed in all her glory, must have resembled a preliminary edition of the "History of Animated Nature."

THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY.—Some interesting figures have appeared in connection with the petroleum industry. The present annual production is about 2,000,000,000 gallons, of which about one half is produced in the United States. The Caspian region of Baku produces about 420,000,000 gallons, and many of the wells have had to be closed because the oil could not be taken away. Galicia produces about 36,000,000. Burmah about 7,000,000, and Canada about 25,000,000 gallons.

THE body of Lucy Zarate, the Mexican drawf, who died recently on a railroad train in the West was shipped by rail to Mexico, but was held at El Paso, Texas, until the Mexican custom house was paid an import tax of $650

Parson Jones (returning from church to small boy with a pole)—"Do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath?" Small Boy (with pride)—"You just bet I do, and I ain't a goin to give the snap away, either!"

PAIN.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Striving for heights he cannot attain,
Yearning to echo an angel's strain,
But voicing the ghost of his soul's refrain,
This is the poet's pain!

Burning to scatter such songs around,
That the air might burst into buds of sound,
And to see them abortive fall to the ground,
This is the poet's wound!

Feeling the heart in his breast aglow
With thoughts that would woo the saints below,
And then but the shadows of these to show,
This is the poet's woe!

Longing to change his spirit's verse
With a passion would thrill the universe,
And then but to drop into death—or worse,
This is the poet's curse!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"YOU HAVE read what my good friend says, dearest," he went on; "that little picture is a success. But there are others ready, and those—well, I am hoping great things for them. I should like to go to the earl and say, 'I am all unworthy of your daughter, I claim to be no more than an artist, but I have made good that claim, and ——'"

"Yes, we will wait," she broke in softly. "How clearly you see things, Cyril," and she beamed upon him proudly. "My father will consent then."

Cyril's face did not reflect her confidence.

"Well, dearest," he said, "if he should not?"

With downcast eyes she slid her arm round his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Nothing shall separate us!" she murmured.

Surely if the gentle wind amongst the leaves echoed their former love vows it echoed this tender resolute declaration of hers; but it found no echo in the heart of Guildford Barton, who, cowering behind a huge oak, listened to every word.

He stood close up against the tree, one hand thrust behind him, the other stretched up and grasping a branch with a convulsive, painful clutch.

His face was white, and his lips so tightly compressed that he seemed scarcely to breathe.

From his hiding place he could not see their faces, but he could imagine the joy and rapture that glowed in them, and the mental vision tortured him as acutely as if he had actually seen them.

He longed to fling himself between the two and tear them apart, and his limbs writhed in impotent rage, so that the branch he held shook and trembled.

Presently he peered round the tree and saw Cyril gather together his painting materials—Norah helping him with a proud tenderness displayed in her every movement and glance—and then he watched them as they walked slowly away, side by side, their eyes meeting, their hands touching.

Once, as they were nearly out of his sight, he saw Cyril bend his head and kiss her, and at this, the last straw as it seemed, Guildford Barton flung himself on the ground, face downwards, as if to shut out his remembrance.

Five minutes passed, and then, as if with an effort, he got up and began to pace up and down.

"Let me think!" he muttered. "Let me think!" and he pressed his hand to his forehead as if with an effort to gain composure.

After a time calmness seemed to come back to him, and with something of his usual impassive manner he sat down at the foot of the tree, and with his hands tightly clasped, sank into deep thought.

Lord Ferndale had said to Norah that he did not understand Guildford Barton. Few people did. He was a mystery to all save himself, and that a young man, generally accounted clever, should give up his profession—in which he had shown promise of distinguishing himself—and bury himself in a country village, seemed to all who thought of it the wildest folly.

But Guildford Barton was no fool. Even at this moment he was wise enough to crush down the mad passion which was always ready to rise like an evil genius and master him, and to review his position.

"Am I going to lose?" he muttered. "After all! I was winning, slowly but surely! Slowly, inch by inch, I was getting that proud old fool under my thumb. Sooner or later his vagabond nephew, the viscount, would have made me his heir! Then this girl turned up. But I had reckoned on that. She is a woman, and to be won, and I would have won her! Yes, I feel it! Slowly and surely I would have gained it over her father. Everything was in my favor. She would have been thrown into my society every day. I would have won her. I, the steward's son, would have been the husband of an earl's daughter! I should have ranked as an equal in the place where my father was servant! But now—" he looked at the spot where Cyril had sat, and gnawed at his lip—"now, this wandering vagabond, this scamp, steps in between me and her!" his hand opened and shut convulsively.

"He will marry her in despite of her father, and all that should have been mine will be his! All! Even Norah!" The word dropped from his lips with an intensity which seemed to startle even himself. "Yes, I am a fool," he muttered. "I—I love her! That is my mistake! It is that which has made me weak and set my brain on fire! I love her! But for that I could be cool and play the game carefully, but—my love confuses me—drives all the thoughts out of my head!"

He sprang up and paced up and down. "And she, she hates me, or is near to hating me! And I feel it whenever I am in her presence, I read it in her face, in her voice when she speaks to me! And she will marry this artist fellow who comes from no one knows where, and I—" he ground out an oath, "I suppose I must give it all up, go back to London, and begin the old hateful life, made all the more hateful by the thought of all I had hoped to gain, all I have lost! No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, raising his hand as if he were actually registering a vow, "I will not. There is time yet! I set my brain against yours, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I will fight to the last—the last!"

Footsteps in the bracken startled him at this moment, and thinking it was Cyril or Norah coming back he was preparing to return to his hiding place, when he saw that it was Becca South.

He muttered an imprecation, but resuming his usual impassive manner, he went to meet her with a forced smile on his dark face.

Becca pulled up a few paces from him, and looked aside as if she were not in the best of humors, and her first words were spoken in a piqued and injured tone.

"I didn't expect to meet you," she said.

"Well, Becca," he retorted, taking her hand, after a slight struggle, and kissing her. "Unexpected pleasures are all the sweeter. What is the matter now? In one of your tantrums?" and he smiled down on her face with affected good humor.

"No, I'm not," she said shortly, but walking by his side as he moved away from the glade; it is just possible Cyril or Norah might return. 'But I ought to be. You're keeping away from me!" and she began to pout and flash her black eyes upon him.

"Now, Becca," he said, fighting with his impatience and speaking with a soft, persuasive voice, "do try and not be silly. Keeping away from you! Why, you silly child, I should like to be with you always."

"And why aren't you?" demanded Becca. "Why can't all the world know we're engaged ——"

He cast a glance round as if he dreaded that the trees would carry her words to human ears.

"I'm tired of this playing at hide and seek. You are ashamed of me, Mister Berton!"

Guildford Berton bit his lips, but still kept on the patient, humoring smile.

"Now Becca, don't talk nonsense," he said soothingly. "We'll take all the world into our confidence over our love affair as you wish, but presently, presently. You know how often I have told you that if it were to be known that you and I were going to be married," he spoke the words quite glibly, but it was fortunate for Becca that she did not see his eyes at that moment, "it would ruin all my plans! You must wait presently, Becca dear."

She began to cry in an angry kind of fashion.

"I—I don't believe you care for me now!" she sobbed. 'Ever since that girl came you have changed—yes, you have, Mister Berton."

He started.

"That girl! What girl?" he asked, but he looked at her keenly.

"Why, Lady Norah!" retorted Becca between her sobs. "Oh, I'm not blind!"

He laughed.

"You are sillier than ever, you foolish girl!" he said banteringly. "What on earth can Lady Norah have to do with you and me?"

Somewhat reassured, Becca pulled out her pocket handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and in doing so out came the photograph of Catherine Hayes.

Guildford Berton's sharp eye caught it in a moment, and he stooped and picked it up, and holding it over his head above her reach, shook his head at her smilingly.

"Hallo, Becca! What's this? Come, that's good! You talk like this to me, and at the same time carry young men's portraits in your pocket, eh!"

Becca's face grew crimson, and she tried to reach the photograph.

"It isn't a man's," she said half sullenly. "Give it me back!"

"After I have admired my rival," he said with mock jealousy. "Really, Becca, I knew you were a little flirt, but—what's this!" he stroke off as he looked at the portrait. "It is Lady Norah's!" he added as he read the inscription, and his voice changed. "Where and how did you get it?"

Becca, avoiding his dark piercing eyes, lied promptly.

"I found it on the staircase," she said. 'She must have dropped it."

He looked at it attentively.

"Very likely."

"Well, give it me back if you've looked at it long enough," she said pertly.

But with a smile he put the photograph in his breast pocket, where it lay near the little blue phial.

"Not just yet," he said. "Don't be afraid, you shall have it back presently."

"What do you want it for?" she demanded. He could not have given her the only reason; that anything belonging to Norah was precious to him.

"For nothing," he said lightly. You shall have it back to-morrow. Now, don't bother, Becca," and he drew her arm within his and put back a tress of her black hair behind her ear in a caressing, lover-like fashion; and Becca ceased to think any more of the photograph of the sad-looking woman she had "picked up on the stairs."

CHAPTER XVI.

NORH LEFT Cyril, and walked homewards almost entirely happy. The only bar to her perfect happiness was the fact that she could not go straight to the earl and tell him all that had happened.

She had a natural detestation for secrecy and deception, and she thought with a sigh how delightful it would have been, if her mother or the faithful Catherine had been alive, to go to either of them and pour out her heart.

For it seemed to Norah as she went through the sunlit woods and over the velvety lawns that she had been the most fortunate girl in all the world.

There had never been another man since Adam was created like Cyril, and she stopped now and again, that she might recall his image and think of all he had said to her.

And it seemed to her that he had spoken, as he looked and behaved, like a hero.

He had said that she might have married some man with a title; but to her he seemed the noblest of men, and it was just in harmony with his character that he should wish to wait until he had made a name before he went to her father and asked for her.

He had said that he would rather be a self-made man than a belted earl, and she agreed with him.

Agreed with him! If he had declared that the moon was made of green cheese she would have assented.

Yes, she was happy, with the happiness which comes to a girl who has won the heart of the man to whom she has given her first—her best love.

She wondered how long it would be before she should see him again, how long before he would come and demand her hand of the earl.

She had said that if the earl refused it would make no difference to her; and under the great oaks she repeated her vow. Nothing should separate her from her hero, her lover.

When she reached the house she saw several carriages standing outside, and heard voices in the drawing-room.

It seemed full of people to her confused sense, and she stood for one moment looking round her; but the next, Lady Ferndale came forward and embraced her.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed, and held Norah at arm's length, as if to convince herself that the girl was whole and sound. "I couldn't stay away from you another hour, dear," she said, "and so I have brought my friends with me," and she introduced two ladies, who, by the way they greeted Norah had evidently heard her praises sung by Lady Ferndale.

There were also two other ladies, ladies who had come to make their introductory call upon Norah; and the earl, standing with his "reception" smile upon his face, watched Norah beneath his brows closely.

But her thoughts had been sent scattering by the unexpected visitors, she regained her composure after a minute or two, and presided at the tea table with the quiet self possession which Lord Ferndale declared was one of her greatest charms.

"I was in despair when they told me you were out, dear," said Lady Ferndale, who had seated herself on a low chair beside Norah's table, and kept looking at the beautiful face, and glancing with covert triumph at her friends, as much as to say, "Did I exaggerate? Isn't she altogether charming?" "Where have you been, dear?" she asked.

Norah's face flushed slightly.

"For a walk," she replied.

"In such a heat!" said Lady Ferndale. "Ah, well, I did it when I was your age," and she sighed.

Norah smiled down at her.

"Are you so very old?" she said.

Lady Ferndale laughed.

"Not too old to enjoy myself, dear; and I've come to ask you to help me. We are going to have—what shall I call it, Mary?" she broke off, addressing one of her friends, Lady Mary Marley; "not a harvest home. No, but a kind of tenants' *fete*."

"In this heat!" said Norah with a smile.

Lady Ferndale laughed.

"Well, it's my husband's idea. He is never happy unless he has the people eating or dancing, or both, round him. We are going to make it quite a—a—may I say jollification, Lord Arrowdale?" and she nodded at the earl mischievously.

"All words assume a grace on Lady Ferndale made a little grimace.

"Well, a jollification. Awful word, isn't it, dear? A great big marquee is going to be put up on the lawn, and we—all of us—are to dance in it. I tell my husband that it will be sure to tumble down upon the top of us, but he says that it will make all the more fun. You'll come, won't you, Lord Arrowdale?"

The earl's face was a study.

"Most certainly," he responded; "especially if there be any prospect of rescuing Lady Ferndale."

"I never can get any advantage over him," said Lady Ferndale under her breath to Norah. "He is always equal to the occasion. Very well, then," she went on aloud; "then that's settled. I do hope you will enjoy yourself, dear."

"I am sure I shall," said Norah.

"Perhaps it would be as well to know the fate of the—the jollification," remarked the earl softly.

"Wednesday week," said Lady Ferndale promptly; then she bent forward and whispered:

"Norah, I have asked your Mr. Cyril Burne."

Norah had resolved that she would not blush at the sound of Cyril's name; but the color came into her face notwithstanding.

"You have asked him?" she said, trying to speak indifferently, and succeeding better than she hoped.

Lady Ferndale nodded.

"Yes, I called at Mrs. Brown's as I came along. I thought somehow that you would like me to call on him even before I reached you, dear."

Norah made a slight gesture of assent.

"He behaved so admirably. I heard it all from Jamieson the coachman. It was beautifully done! And he was so thoughtful and considerate in sending me that note. I have been telling your father all about it, but of course he sees nothing to admire in it. What do you think he said?"

"I don't know."

"That it was what any of the ploughmen would have done."

Norah sighed.

"And—and did you see him?" she asked rather guiltily.

"Mr. Burne? No. He was out painting, they said; but I left him an invitation, and Ferndale is going to call on him. He says that he is a very lucky man!"

Norah started, but Lady Ferndale ran on:

"And that if he had only insisted upon seeing you home, it would have been he who would have rescued you."

"But Lord Ferndale would have been inside the carriage," said Norah, smiling.

"still, please tell him that I thank him all the same."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind. I altogether decline to carry soft messages from you to him. He is quite infatuated enough, as it is."

Norah laughed, and the brightness in her face caught Lady Ferndale's attention.

"You seem very happy to-day, my dear," she said; "has anything happened?"

Norah felt the crimson burning her face and neck, and her eyes fell.

"Why, you have come to see me," she said.

Lady Ferndale bent forward and kissed her, making her feel a mass of dissimulation.

"My dear, you are simply irresistible. You got that trick of repartee from him," and she nodded towards the earl, who was talking to the others, who were listening in rapt attention as if to an oracle; "but the pretty speeches sound genuine from your lips. And was Mr. Burne very much hurt, dear?"

Norah arranged the tea cups before her, and kept her eyes down.

"Yes, I am afraid so," she replied. "He is obliged the wear his left arm in a sling."

"Then you've seen him," said Lady Ferndale. "Of course, he called to ask after you this morning."

Norah was silent, her heart beating, and Lady Ferndale got up.

"Come and see us as soon as you can, my child," she said as she kissed her, "and mind, Wednesday week!"

But even then it seemed as if she could not tear herself away, and half an hour passed before the carriages drove off.

The earl stood with Norah on the step waving his hand to the departing guests, and Norah thought that he looked, if not pleased, at any rate a little less cold than usual.

As a matter of fact, the self-possession and tact she had shown in the face of so many unexpected visitors had pleased him and flattered his vanity.

"Lady Ferndale is a truly charming woman," he said; "a—a little too exuberant, but—er—her position gives her great latitude. By the way, Norah, this Mr. Cyril Burne——"

Norah stood still and turned pale, but the earl was engaged in admiring his hands, and did not notice her face.

"Lady Ferndale tells me that she is, so to speak, taking him up. She seems to think that he behaved well in last night's stupid accident."

"Yes, he did, papa," she said in a low voice.

He looked at her with raised eyebrows, as if he did not need any confirmation of Lady Ferndale's opinion.

"Yes; she seems to be inclined to pay him some attention. I understand that she has asked him to this—this gathering. Under the circumstances, perhaps you had better treat him as a chance acquaintance, and—er—not completely cut him as I desired you to do."

Norah's heart beat fast, but she wisely kept silent and merely bowed her head. Treat Cyril as a chance acquaintance!

She repeated the words to herself as she ran upstairs, and his name was on her lips as she opened the door of her boudoir.

Then she stopped short, for Becca South was sitting at the table at needle work.

She looked up demurely as Norah entered, then bent over her needlework again.

"Why, Becca, you poor girl, have you been working all this time?"

"Yes, my lady," said Becca.

"And this lovely afternoon, too!" exclaimed Norah pityingly. "Pray run out and get a little fresh air."

Then when Becca, with a gesture as if she were thankful to change her position, got up and left the room, Norah threw herself into her chair beside the window, and gave herself up to the joy, the unspeakable delight of thinking of "him."

Cyril walked home upon air. He stopped several times just as Norah had done, but to ask himself what he had ever done to deserve such happiness.

Norah his! It seemed too good to be true, and to assure himself that he was not dreaming he took out the faded rose and kissed it.

Norah his! The thought was so huge, so overwhelming, that he could scarcely realise it, and he entered the little sitting-room in a kind of blissful dream.

Two letters were lying on the table. One was a prettily-worded little note an invitation from Lady Ferndale, and his first thought as he read it was:

"Will Norah be there?"

Concluding that, at any rate, there was a chance of her being present, he sat down and wrote an acceptance. Then he opened the other letter.

It was from the "true, tried" friend, Jack Wesley.

"Dear Cyril," it ran,—"If you have any sanity remaining come up at once. Business.—JACK."

At another time—say yesterday, for instance—Cyril would have decided that he had no sanity left, and would have refused to leave the neighborhood of his goddess; but now things had changed.

Norah was his, and he only waited for the big success he spoke of to her to go to the earl and ask for her. Business had suddenly become of novel importance to Master Cyril.

He decided that he would go up at once—that is, to-morrow morning. Then he asked himself how he should let Norah know.

He could not write, lest the letter should fall into the earl's hands, and he was not likely to repeat the mistake of sending a message by any third person, as he had done before.

"If I go up by the first train," he mused, "I shall be able to be back by night. Who knows, I may stand a chance of catching a glimpse of my darling! I will neither send a message nor write to her."

As is usual with men—and artists especially—when they are happy, he sat up late that night smoking, and thinking and dreaming of Norah, but in the morning he started for the early train.

He had got within sight of the station, and was feeling for his watch when he found that he had left it behind him.

In changing his everyday waistcoat for one more presentable and less paint stained he had taken out his watch and ring, and placed them on the mantelshelf of the sitting-room that "he might not forget" them, with the usual result.

As he remembered that now and again chance wayfarers dropping in at the inn sometimes made their way, by mistake, into the little room, he felt annoyed with himself, and half stopped, wondering whether he should have time to run back.

At that moment a pink dress flitted out of one of the cottages opposite which he was standing, and Becca South tripped past throwing him a smile.

It occurred to him that he would send a word of caution to Mrs. Brown about the watch, and he called to Becca.

She stopped, and came back and looked up at him sideways.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Yes," he said hurriedly, for he fancied he heard the train. "Look here, Becca, I've left my watch on the mantel-shelf at the inn. Are you going that way?"

She nodded, still eyeing him like a jackdaw.

"Yes, I'm going up to the Court, past the inn."

"Well, then," he said, "will you be so kind as to go in and ask Mrs. Brown to take the watch upstairs to my bedroom? Someone may come in—you understand?"

"Yes, I know," she assented with a nod, "I'll do it."

"Thank you, Becca," he said. "I seem doomed to give you trouble."

And he laid his hand on her shoulder, and nodded and smiled at her gratefully.

"By Jove, there's the train," he exclaimed in the same breath, and started off at a run.

Becca went down the road, and entered the bar of the inn—if anything so unlike an ordinary bar can be so called—but it was empty, and she was about to call Mrs. Brown, when she closed her lips suddenly, and on tiptoe approached the small passage that led to the sitting-room.

Neither Mrs. Brown nor the servant was in sight, and Becca's black eyes flashed through the open door all over the sitting-room.

Its artistic litter was something novel to her, and excited her curiosity, and after a moment or two of listening she stole softly inside.

She flitted to and fro, more like a jackdaw than ever, casting swift glances at the sketches and canvases, and turning over the books and knick-knacks which were strewn about the room; then she went to the mantelpiece.

The watch was there, and she took it up and looked at it. As she did so the chain dragged down the ring which, after the manner of rings, rolled across the room.

Away went Becca in pursuit, and after a short search she found it under the sofa.

It was a plain band of gold with the initials C. B. on it, which Cyril had in a moment of preoccupation scratched upon it with his penknife.

Becca turned it over and looked at it, then she tried it on one finger after another until she found that it fitted the little one, and then held up her hand and gazed it it admiringly, thinking how nicely it showed off her slim hand.

Eve like, she passed from the admiring to the covetous mood.

He had said nothing about a ring; perhaps he had forgotten all about it, and if—if she should keep it, he would conclude that he had lost it. It was a beautiful ring, but no doubt a gentleman like Mr. Burne did not set much value on it.

While she was looking and longing and hesitating, Fate lent the evil one its aid, just as it had done in the matter of Catherine's photograph, Becca heard Mrs. Brown's voice in the kitchen. She started up and tried to pull the ring off her finger, but it stuck fast. In a spasm of terror least she should be discovered in the room, she darted through the passage into the bar, waited a moment, then, still tugging at the ring under her apron, passed into the road. Before she had gone twenty yards the ring came off, and with a feeling of relief she turned, intending to replace it. But as she neared the bar door, she stopped and hesitated. After all, the worst was over. She had taken the ring, and she might just as well keep it.

She slipped it into her pockets and began to sing, and, still singing, stopped a few paces from the inn door. Then she called out "Mrs Brown!" and after a moment or two the landlady came into the bar. Becca walked toward the door as if she had only that second arrived.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," she said, "Mr. Burne asked me to come and tell you to take his watch upstairs. I forget whether he said he'd left it on the mantelshelf or on the table, but he said in the sitting-room."

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs Brown. "That's just like him; he's so careless and forgetful. Some of these days he'll lose something, and honest folks will get the blame. But there, he's an artist gentleman, and what can you expect?" she added, raising her voice as she went into the sitting-room.

"Is it there all right?" cried Becca in her clear treble.

"Yes, all right, and thank you, Becca South!" called back Mrs. Brown, and Becca went on her way singing like the innocent light-hearted girl she was.

* * * * * *

Cyril did not buy a paper, but sat in the corner of the carriage by the open window and thought of Norah, and his reverie was so pleasant and engrossing that he started with surprise when the train arrived at Paddington.

He was in so great a hurry to get his business done and return to Santleigh—and Norah—that he did not get on an omnibus as a poor artist should, but called a cab.

Jack Wesley's chambers were in Winchester-street, Strand, and the first thing Cyril saw as the cab stopped was his friend's head at the open window.

He waved Jack a greeting, and stood at the door of the chambers with outstretched hand.

"Behold, he cometh, clothed and in his right mind!" he said cynically, but with a pleasant smile.

Cyril wrung his hand and looked into the grave, earnest eyes affectionately.

"Yes, dear old Jack, I have come," he said.

"And in such haste that you have hired a chariot. Was it the burning desire to reach me, or have you discovered a gold mine in Santleigh?' and he went back to his writing table, but sat astride his chair, and leaning his elbows on the back looked up at Cyril with a smile.

Cyril's face flushed, and a glad light flashed into his eyes.

"Yes, Jack," he said, "and something even better than that!"

"Oh!"

The monosyllable dropped like a stone.

"Indeed! Then you might have spared yourself the trouble of rushing up on the small and contemptible bit of business I've got for you."

Cyril laughed.

"Dear old Jack!" he said, laying his hand on the broad shoulder and shaking him. "How I've missed that cynical voice of yours! Why, it seems ages since we parted instead of days—ages!"

His voice softened.

"But tell me all about it; what's the row, old fellow?"

Jack balanced his chair and stretched to the table for a letter. "Here's a note from Moses; he'll buy the other picture, 'The Silver Stream.'"

"No!" exclaimed Cyril.

"Yes; and give you what you ask, but on conditions."

"Oh!"

Jack smiled.

"Oh, they are not hard ones. It seems that Lord Newall has taken a fancy to it."

Cyril opened his eyes and nodded. Lord Newall was a well-known patron of art, and his approval set the sign manual upon a picture, and the painter who obtained his lordship's good word might regard himself as made: the public in all things artistic is like a flock of sheep, and must have its bell-wether. Lord Newhall had but to set the lead and the sheep followed.

"By Jove!" muttered Cyril. "So Lord Newhall fancied 'The Silver Stream.' Well, I thought there might be something in it."

Jake Wesley smiled.

"Very nicely put. Go on, young man; your modesty is thrown away in this shop! Yes, he has bought the picture on condition that you paint another for him."

Cyril stared and laughed.

"If everyone made that condition, Jack; I would be a millionaire."

Jack nodded.

"Yes, it sounds rather insane, doesn't it? But there's reason in his madness. He wants you to paint a bit of the seashore outside his place in Brittany.

"In Brittany," echoed Cyril, and his face fell.

"What is your objection to Brittany, my friend?" he asked.

"That it's not in England," replied Cyril thoughtfully.

"That's more Brittany's misfortune than its fault, and you can scarcely expect Lord Newall to move it over here; or do you expect it?"

Cyril sat astride a chair in front of Jack's and leant his chin on his arms.

"In Brittany," he repeated. "How—how long will it take me?"

"Not being an artist—thank a merciful Heaven!—can't say," replied Jack. "What on earth can it matter to you how long it takes you?"

"It does matter," said Cyril gravely.

Jack Wesley shrugged his shoulders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEEN'S WARDROBE.—An inventory taken in the year 1600 of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth enables us to estimate the sumptuous attire with which the Virgin Queen at once delighted and astonished her subjects.

She had at the date named 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 169 gowns (round, loose and French). 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 save guards, 85 doublets, and 18 lap mantles. Her gowns were of the richest and costliest material—purple, gold tissue, crimson satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet cloth and satins of dove-color, drake-color, horseflesh-color, and a very popular color, known in those olden times as "lady-blush." Some of the Queen's dresses are worthy of special note. We select a few of the most remarkable. A frock of silver cloth, chequered with red silk like bird's eyes, with demi-sleeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted on with silver, and lined with crimson velvet.

A French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers, and clouds of Venice gold, silver, and silk. The forepart of one dress was white satin, embroidered very fine, with border of the sun, moon, and other signs and planets of Venice gold, silver, and silk of sundry colors, with a border of beasts beneath, likewise embroidered. Other gowns were adorned with bees, flies, spiders, worms, trunks of trees, pansies, oak leaves, and mulberries; while some were resplendent with rainbows, suns, clouds, fountains, and flames of fire. Her buttons were of fantastic device, some being in the shape of flowers and butterflies, and those on one gorgeous dress were in the similitude of paradise. Altogether, the Virgin Queen, when arrayed in all her glory, must have resembled a preliminary edition of the "History of Animated Nature."

THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY.—Some interesting figures have appeared in connection with the petroleum industry. The present annual production is about 2 000,000 000 gallons, of which about one half is produced in the United States. The Caspian region of Baku produces about 420,000 000 gallons, and many of the wells have had to be closed because the oil could not be taken away. Galicia produces about 36 000 000. Burmah about 7 000 000, and Canada about 25 000 000 gallons.

THE body of Lucy Zarate, the Mexican drawf, who died recently on a railroad train in the West was shipped by rail to Mexico, but was held at El Paso, Texas, until the Mexican custom house was paid an import tax of $650

Parson Jones (returning from church to small boy with a pole)—"Do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath?" Small Boy (with pride)—"You just bet I do, and I ain't a goin to give the snap away, either!"

IN DESOLATION.

BY G. F.

My heart was sad when she was gone,
And from my life a silver light
Departed, leaving me alone
In misery's dark and troubled night.

And shall I ever see her more?
Oh that she were but with me now,
That I might clasp her as of yore,
And all my fervent love avow!

Her pictured lips I fondly kiss,
In fancy clasp her slender waist,
And drink anew each vinous bliss
'Twas once my happiness to taste.

But soon, alas the pleasure's flown,
Too soon is darken'd fancy's light;
As moonbeams fade on waters lone,
It dies in desolation's night.

The Drury Burglar.

BY T. L.

THE OLD house in which I was brought up, and of which at the age of nineteen I became the mistress, is situated in a lonely district of Moorshire. It is a very old-fashioned house, for its stone walls were raised three hundred years and more ago; and although each of my ancestors, in turn, did something towards modernizing it, the dear old place retains its quaint characteristics to this day.

It is a large rambling building, full of nooks and windings that served me and my sisters excellently in our hide-and-seek days; and one of its curiosities is a "priest's hole"—a good-sized recess in the wall of one of the bedrooms, the opening of which is concealed by a panel in the wainscot.

The secret of removing this panel is known only to one or two members of my family and myself. The rooms in the house are of all sorts of shapes and sizes. There are twelve bedrooms.

Three of these are very large, and each is provided with a dressing-room; the rest are mostly of medium size, but two are scarcely larger than big closets. All the bedrooms, except these two little ones and two large attics, are on the same floor. The way to those attics and the tiny rooms is, like the spitter's, "up a winding stair."

At the time when the little episode happened that I am about to relate, none of these attic rooms were occupied.

They were stored with all manner of lumber, as well as with some bits of antiquated beautiful furniture, that was put aside until the coming of a capable cabinet-maker, who could mend without marring it.

My sisters and I were orphans. We had been brought up by an old uncle and his step-sister. On my uncle's death, he left each of us a comfortable little sum of money, and to me, in addition, the old manor-house which had always been our home and was known by the name of The Grey House.

The old lady, Aunt Rachel, lived with us as our chaperon; but I was commander-in-chief of the establishment.

My sister Marion was next to me, and followed delicate, tender little Eveline. Marion and I were within a year of each other in age, and at this particular Christmas I was twenty-one, Marion twenty, and Eveline just seventeen.

Our old aunt was very infirm—she was well over seventy. We had four household servants—all women—cook, housemaid, parlormaid, and our own special attendant, a sort of lady's-maid in practice, though nothing so fine by profession.

A great event had lately happened in my life. I had in the summer become engaged to Willie Munroe, an officer in the Royal Engineers. He was coming to spend Christmas with us, bringing his brother and a friend.

We had been busy all the week with our Christmas preparations, which had to be very extensive, for our house was situated quite thirty miles from the nearest town, and we had, in the winter, to get in enormous supplies of provisions and every possible necessity and comfort of life.

The roads were so bad that in a snowy winter we were almost entirely cut off from civilization. A little hamlet, called Herndean, lay about eight miles off. From this we obtained our butcher's meat and fish.

We baked at home, of course. We kept cows, horses, pigs, and fowls; but the little farm belonging to The Grey House was a mile and a half from it, and I had heard my uncle relate how in one notable winter no communication had taken place between the farm and The Grey House for a whole week.

The farm was managed by a worthy man and his wife, Jacob and Annie Manning. The cowboy, Enoch, lived with them. The stables and coach-house were at some little distance from the house; and the coachman lived with his family in a cosy cottage beside them.

All these preliminaries are necessary that you may understand how we came to be situated as we were in that bitter Christmas week, fifteen years ago.

We had been up until late, decorating the house with holly, yew, and box. Christmas fell on Thursday; Willie was coming on Wednesday; and the first two days of the week were to be devoted entirely to our preparations.

We had been busy since breakfast-time on Monday, and I was so tired when I went to bed that no sooner did my head touch the pillow than I fell fast asleep. It must have been about two o'clock when I was startled from my slumbers by I know not what.

It was hardly a sound, hardly even a rustling. I think it was rather the consciousness of a presence in the room. I am not at all a coward.

Nature had endowed me with a perfect set of nerves and plenty of spirit. I am grateful to her, for from my heart I pity those who are constitutionally timid. They cannot help their fears, nor yielding to them, and yet they are the objects of ridicule.

I was so startled by this unknown something that I sprang out of bed as I woke, and then I was almost certain I did hear a quick, soft movement in the room at the farthest corner from me.

On that side of the room stood my dressing-table, and there, too, was the door leading into my dressing-room. As fast as I could move, I rushed across the room. My candlestick and matches stood on the dressing-table, and the first thing necessary in that pitchy darkness was a light.

I struck a match and looked round the room. Everything was just as I had left it on going to rest. But I could not persuade myself that my disturbance had been the effect of a fancy in my dreams. Nor could I think it was caused by a night-tide visitor in the shape of a mouse.

The soft, sudden movement had been made by some larger creature—a human being, too, I could have declared. I quickly flung on my warm quilted dressing-gown, and looked about for a weapon of defence.

All I could think of was a curious Indian weapon Willie had given me. Its head was square, the corners very sharp.

Willie told me it would deal a deadly blow. As I seized my club, a thought came into my head that made me laugh at my excitement.

Perhaps Eveline, my delicate, nervous sister, who slept in the next room to mine, was walking in her sleep, as she used to do in childhood. I must move cautiously and shade the light, lest I should suddenly confront and terrify her.

Still holding my club, I moved softly through my dressing-room, which had an outer door on the landing. The door was now ajar. I had, I knew for certain, left it closed.

Eveline's door was fast shut. I placed my candle on a bracket outside, so that I might not frighten her by my sudden appearance. Then I went softly to her bedside. She was sleeping quietly as an infant.

I brought my light in, holding it behind the curtain of her bed, and saw that the room was in perfect order. Her slippers were neatly placed together; the dedclothes were smoothly spread.

Clearly she had not been up, I left the room, and stood on the landing, debating as to my next step. The landing is square and large. How often we had romped on it in childhood! The "winding stair" led up from it to the floor above.

The door of my aunt's room and of Marion's, and the spare bedrooms, opened upon it. At the side away from me were three steps leading on to a passage, long and narrow, where the other rooms were Here the servants slept.

At right angles to these steps was the head of the staircase leading to the ground floor. Everything was as still as death.

Nothing, however, could have persuaded me at that moment that I had been deceived as to the invasion of my room.

I turned back and searched it thoroughly, looking behind the window-curtains, inside the great mahogany wardrobe, under my bed, and even up the great square old-fashioned chimney.

Then I determined to do what it certainly required some nerve to go through. I would go all over the house alone. Not for an instant did I flinch from my purpose, nor did I think I was doing anything silly or unnecessary. I felt absolutely convinced that I was not the victim of an illusion.

Moving very gently, lest I should disturb the others, I entered in turn each of the bedrooms on my floor. My old aunt always burned a night-light, so that I could venture in without fear of introducing my light and disturbing her.

Marion slept soundly. I looked all over room. I was not afraid of awakening her. She is no more nervous than I am. All was right here, too. My search in the empty rooms and in the servants' apartments was equally fruitless.

What a household of heavy sleepers we were! Certainly The Grey House would be a burglar's paradise in that respect.

I really began to feel ashamed of my excitement. It was bitterly cold, too. I was shivering all over. The wind must have shifted since I went to bed.

I raised the blind of a window in the passage, and behold! the ground and everything without was veiled in white.

The snow was coming. Oh, if it would only wait to come in its fulness after Willie's arrival! Suppose the roads were blocked!

Should I continue my search? For a moment the thought of my snug couch was too enchanting; but I cannot endure not to settle a mystery to my satisfaction. I went downstairs, into every room. The doors were all properly barred and bolted. I undid each one in turn, and searched the apartment.

Then came the kitchens. All was still; nothing wrong. As I was passing through the front kitchen, I noticed one circumstance that struck me as odd. A plate and knife and fork lay on the middle table. Chicken bones were on the plate; crumbs of bread were scattered on the table.

A salt-cellar, with no spoon, however, stood by the plate. This little circumstance made me rather angry. If cook had partaken of cold chicken for supper, why had she not put away the signs of her repast? She knew that I could not bear anything to be left about. Besides, she was a tidy woman herself. Perhaps the transgressor was one of the others.

By this time I was so cold that I really could not stay up a moment longer. I looked at the staircase leading to the rooms under the roof as I regained the landing, but I could not persuade myself to invade those frigid regions.

I began now to think that, after all, I had really been mistaken.

Two minutes after I was asleep again, happier than those people who, once disturbed, cannot sleep again for hours.

Next morning, when I drew up my blinds, my eyes rested on an expanse of snow. I could not have believed it possible that so much snow could have fallen in so short a time.

It was banked halfway up my unshuttered windows; the one from which I was gazing was protected by jutting stonework. And still the snow was falling, falling thickly, as if it meant never again to stop.

When I went downstairs a doleful tale reached my ears. Great snowdrifts were piled against the side of the house in which the kitchens were. With all their force the women had been unable to move the back door, which opened outwards.

Enoch had come up with a large supply of milk, but his news was far from cheering.

Jacob thought it was going to be as bad as that time in the thirties, when The Grey House was shut off for a week or more from all approach.

Enoch promised to return in the afternoon with more milk and a supply of butter. He had cleared a road up to the the kitchen, but the snow kept drifting again in that direction, and in an hour all his work was undone.

After breakfast I went for my daily consultation with cook. We congratulated ourselves on our large store of provisions. Besides ordinary household supplies, I had ordered in a stock of tinned meats and fruits, and a supply of preserved milk.

Cook had a surprise in store for me. On suggestion that a certain cold fowl, left intact from dinner the day before, should be served for lunch, she exclaimed:

"Why, ma'am, it's all gone. I thought you knew."

"What can you mean, cook?"

She told me that not a scrap of the fowl was left, except the bones on a plate on the kitchen table.

"Who can have eaten it?"

"Why, ma'am, to tell you the truth," said cook, reddening, "I, and we all, thought that you and the other young ladies had been hungry after your hard work, and taken a bit of supper."

"Eating from one plate!" said I, too much amused to be offended.

"That's it, ma'am. I couldn't make nothing of that. And, ma'am," continued cook lowering her voice to a confidential undertone, "I can't think that I left the kitchen-door unlocked last night. I never did such a thing in my life before. But, sure as anything, when I came down, there it was, unlocked."

"How do you think it happened?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm puzzled beyond everything."

"Do the maids know?"

"No. They were so taken up with the drifts, I didn't tell them. They are silly young things; like to be nervous."

"Right cook. I don't think you were likely to forget the door."

"No, ma'am. Do you think——"

"You are pretty plucky, aren't you, cook?"

"I'm no coward, ma'am."

"Well, let us keep our wits about us. The maids may think we ate the fowl. It is a little queer, I think."

I breathed not a word to anyone of my midnight awakening, and we all tried to be as cheerful as we could, though the snow kept falling, falling, and every hour made it less possible for Willie to spend his Christmas with us.

That night I had no disturbance, but in the morning I made a dreadful discovery. My jewel-box had been broken open, and everything of value removed from it. There it was gaping vacantly at me on the table.

I was so aghast with this horrible sight that I stood motionless for a moment. Several treasures that Willie had given me were in it. Were they lost to me for ever?

This thought made me turn to find my watch, which I always put under my pillow in its case. It was gone! My blood turned cold. That man for whom I had searched in vain the night before had actually stolen my watch from under my very pillow.

Then the fire rushed into my veins. I would be even with him. I would find him. For inside our house he must be. It was as impossible to leave as it was to approach it now.

Marion came into my room the next moment. I saw from her look that something had happened.

"Lina, every scrap of my jewelry has been stolen; and how can anyone have got into the house last night?"

I told her my story, and I do think we were both more angry at our loss than alarmed about the thief or thieves.

"We'll find him, eh, Marion?"

"Yes, and keep our counsel, Lina."

"If we can. We don't know what's to come."

Indeed, no; cook had more news for us. The plate chest had been stripped during the night. She had wisely kept this discovery to herself. We three vowed vengeance and secrecy.

Of course, all communication with the farm, even with the stables, was now completely severed. We entered upon a state of seige, thankful for our tinned milk and meats.

"We shall have to be careful of them, too, ma'am. I think you will find an early dinner best, just for the present, and do without lunch. Who knows how long we may be shut up here? And, ma'am—I hardly know how to tell you—'tis the strangest thing that did ever happen in my life. The rest of the game-pie—and you know very little of it was taken—is gone from the larder, every scrap of it."

"The burglar has good taste, cook."

"Can you understand it, ma'am?"

"No, indeed. All I can tell is that he is snowed up in the house with us, and intends to keep himself from starving."

"Laws, ma'am! do you really think that?"

"What else can I think? Do not breath a word, cook. I mean to find him. You will help us?"

"That will I, ma'am. I should like to see the man I am afraid of!"

And, indeed, cook's tall figure and robust frame were enough to inspire confidence in the most timid.

I went away to consult with Marion, promising cook I would return to tell her our plans.

"How are we to keep that man out of Eveline's room, Linda? It would kill her if she were to have any fright."

"We must make some excuse to take her into one of our rooms. There is no attraction now for our burglar," said I, mournfully.

"And auntie?"

"I might make some excuse for sleeping

in her room. I'll see. Meantime, Marion, we're not going to let that man have it all his own way?"

"No, indeed; we'll find him. But what shall we do with him, even if we bind him hand and foot?"

"Lock him up in the cellars until we can get some men to come and carry him off."

"Linda, really you know I'm not afraid; but it is very strange, isn't it? How can we ever have a moment's peace until we find him?"

"We will begin at once. After lunch is the best time. Evie will be sitting with auntie; the maids will be busy."

So I arranged with cook that at three precisely we would meet in my dressing-room, and thence proceed at one to the upper regions of the house, where it seemed most like that the burglar would be lying concealed.

I noticed that Marion's spirits fell considerably after this arrangement was made, and soon learned the real cause of her anxious looks.

"Lina, do you remember a silly story we heard rumors of when we were children? Uncle Ralph would not let it be told us, and we only heard fragments. It was about one of the rooms upstairs."

"The haunted chamber?" I cried, laughing. "Do you know, Marion, I inspected that apartment about ten days ago. I wrote a story to read aloud in the gloaming on Christmas Eve, and wanted to give a circumstantial account of the surroundings of my ghostly hero."

"Oh, Linda!" almost screamed Marion; "how could you dare?"

"It is all bare and empty, very cobwebby, but not at all weird."

"I'm glad you told me, for I really was rathered frightened at the idea of a ghost. A burglar is nothing to him!"

At three o'clock we started on our expedition, I leading the way with a candle in my hand.

As I pushed open the door of the first room, a gust of wind blew out my light; but I had matches ready, and we began our tour of inspection.

The rooms on the first floor all opened into one another. The first contained a miscellaneous collection of boxes, trunks, old carpets, and all varieties of cast aside or reserved household properties.

In the next was our spindle-legged furniture and a dilapidated spinet. It seemed to me that one or two broken-legged chairs were missing, but I could not be sure.

Beyond lay the two little empty rooms, the farthest being the haunted chamber of our establishment.

As soon as we entered the nearer of these two little rooms I perceived a curious smell. I hardly could say of what it reminded me at the instant.

Next moment a ringing shriek broke from Marion, and she fell fainting in cook's arms.

Cook herself, deadly pale, looked as if she were about to follow my sister's example.

"'Tis the smell of the sulphur, ma'am," she cried; "the ghost's smell. Oh, for pity's sake; let us be gone!"

I caught Marion from her falling arms, and made her hold the candlestick, though she trembled so that the light went out directly.

We groped our way down, and I suddenly remembered what the smell was that had greeted our nostrils. In our womanish household it was an unwonted one enough; but it was none other than that of the harmless weed, tobacco.

Marion's fainting-fit lasted so long, and cook was so disabled, that my hands were full for the rest of the day. At night we made some excuse for carrying out our plans of guarding the weaker members of our household.

I determined to finish my investigations alone next day. My assistants were ready enough to deal with the material world. They dared not venture into the region of the supernatural.

Yet that odor, lingering in my memory, assured me that we had been on the point of penetrating into the burglar's retreat. For the night we were at the mercy of the enemy.

I tried to mount guard, but sleep overtook me, and I passed a very peaceful night.

In the morning cook had a fresh loss to report. Our store cupboard had been invaded. A Paysandu tongue was gone, a loaf had been taken also, and the silver spoons and the few other silver articles we had in daily use had also disappeared. The plated things had been left by the discriminating thief.

In the morning we searched all the rooms in the inhabited portion of the house. In one of the spare rooms, the one prepared for Willie, was the "priest's hole."

I thought it worth while to look in this, though it seemed improbable enough that an ordinary thief would know the secret of the aperture; this man was no ordinary thief.

Marion only was with me when I pressed my hand to the panel in the way my uncle had taught me. It flew open, disclosing the large empty recess.

It was absolutely bare; nothing was in it save a precious relic or two left by its last occupant, which we had too much veneration for the past ever to remove.

As I was putting back the panel, Marion gave a little start, and clung nervously to me. She had not yet recovered from her alarm of the previous day.

"What is it, dear?" I said.

"Nothing; I fancied I heard a slight rustle, that was all. Only my fancy. Lina, could anyone concealed in that hiding-place let himself out?"

"Yes, but with great difficulty. The secret was closely kept. I will show you. Uncle taught me."

I again pressed the panel, and while I was showing my sister the secret of the spring, I, too, fancied I heard a quiet movement behind us. I looked sharply round. Not a sign or sound of anything. Pshaw! Was I growing nervous too?

"Marion, I'm going up to that room this afternoon. Don't look so frightened; I am a match for the ghost. You can be on the look-out. If I'm long in returning, or you hear any screams or pistol shots, you can come to the rescue."

Marion tried to dissuade me, but all in vain.

When I reached the little room, in the afternoon, no odors, ghostly or savory of the smoking-room, greeted me: but when I entered it I found proof enough of the burglar's recent presence.

Three broken chairs had, with some cushions and an old rug, been converted into a couch. The debris of the fowl lay on the floor; the tin that had contained our tongue was there also. An old clay pipe was lying on the improvised couch.

But where was the occupant? and would he return? Not if he could find another hiding-place. He had been there the day before, and had taken fright. Evidently he was a burglar who wished to avoid a personal encounter. The thought gave me courage.

I renewed my vigilance. That night I took turns in watching with Marion and cook, who sat up together. We were all three certain that we had not once relaxed our watchfulness; yet, in the morning, we found signs of a fresh raid upon our stores.

At this rate we should be starved out; then the burglar could make his own terms. We made plans of all sorts. We watched day and night.

We hid our provisions in all sorts of out-of-the way corners, and in separate divisions, yet some portion disappeared every day.

We were no longer afraid of nightly invasions of our rooms, for almost everything of value had been taken by this time.

At last it became such a mystery that we spoke to one another with bated breath, and thus actually managed to outwit the burglar as to our hiding-places, and, as we hoped, to starve him for at least twenty-four hours, on one occasion.

One day I went into the room with the "priest's hole," disconsolately wondering when there would be a chance of Willie's coming.

Christmas Day had been far from festive, and we seemed as far as ever from release from our, to say the least, uncomfortable position.

I stood musing before the place where the hiding place lay hid, thinking [of those terrible bygone days. Suddenly I noticed that the secret panel did not lie even with the others.

It was nearly, but not quite closed. I must have left it so the other day. I pressed it in the right manner, and it was completely closed again. That night—how can words express the joy of it?—the thaw began.

I woke to a cheering drip, drip, and then heard the welcome sound of the falling of masses of snow—"avalanches," as we used to call them,—from the roof.

Once it had begun, the thaw set in rapidly. In the morning, just one week from the day of his last visit, Enoch appeared. He was followed directly by Jacob and the coachman.

They were all very wet from their tramp through the flooded roads.

After a great many inquiries had passed, Jacob said:

"I couldn't, however, ma'am, imagine how you got as far as the outhouse."

"We didn't, Jacob."

"Well, then, who did, I'd like to know? For the last three days there's been smoke from the chimney, and much it puzzled us, I can tell you, ma'am. I could see it from the top of the road. I couldn't get nigher to you. Then I thought mayhap Stevens was busy at some'at there. But he was snowed in too."

The building spoken of was a large sort of wooden shanty, where my uncle used to busy himself in chemical experiments. It stood a short way from the house, and contained a fire-place, shelves, a table, and chairs.

A thought struck me.

"Quick! Jacob; run with Stevens and Enoch, and see!"

They made a rush, plunging up to their waists in the melting snow. Evidently something strange met their eyes. In a few minutes they came back.

Jacob carried in his hand a sheet of writing-paper, folded in three. The others had various tins, all empty, and an old fur cap.

"Some chap's been making his home there, it seems, ma'am. Has left this bit of writing for you."

The paper was, indeed, addressed in uncouth writing to "Miss Graham."

I give its contents, omitting only the peculiar orthography.

"In return for the hospitable entertainment I have received at The Grey House, I enclose a brief account of my week's sojourn within your gates. First, let me express my sincere admiration for the braveness you faced me with. You are a very high-spirited young lady, and I wish I could have met you face to face. That, though, would have been bad for me, not on account of the club—I could have dodged that—but because you wouldn't likely forget any face, I fancy. That first night was a near shave. You almost sprang upon me. I had to crouch and run along the floor. I got safe back to the ghost's room and stayed there. Next night I had a little chloroform to help me, so I got your watch quite easy. When I found you weren't afraid of ghosts neither, I thought I'd better decamp. I thought you were done with the room with the hiding-place, and stayed in the dressing-room of it. When I heard you coming. I sprang—happily I'm pretty light—on the canopy above the bed. I watched you show the secret of the hiding-place, and managed to open it; but I got afraid I mightn't do it a second time, so I left it a little undone. You undid me then. How, I shall not tell you. I managed, having got all I wanted, to tunnel a way through the snow to this nice little house, but I had to make several expeditions to and fro to get all my things. I found a way in that did nicely. I have sustained, through you, one terrible, irreparable loss; but I am fairly rewarded. I may as well say, too, that I owe my life to you, as I should never have got away over the moors that night."

That afternoon Willie arrived. He and his companions had got as far as Herndean, but they could not come a yard farther, the roads being completely blocked.

In the evening a sudden thought struck him. He read the burglar's letter over again.

"Come and show me how to undo that panel," he said.

We went in a body. As the panel sprang back, there lay disclosed all our jewels and my dear watch.

What interested Willie and the other two men most, however, was a small collection of most ingenious "burgling" tools. Evidently he had used this as a temporary hiding place, and had been checkmated by my act.

Of course we lost no time in telegraphing to the police. They came and complimented me on my courage, &c. But to this day that burglar, has, to our knowledge, never been heard of again.

LONG CONTINUED STUDY.—The weariness of long-continued study is proverbial. Its explanation is not far to seek. One portion of our entire being is almost exclusively occupied, and the monotony of the process constitutes in large measure the cause of exhaustion. Relief must accordingly be sought in rest, in the exercise of other functions, or in variation of the form of mental exertion. Such timely and refreshing change enters into all well-ordered plans of education. There is however in every study a stage at which persistent concentration is indispensable to high development.

Scientific and Useful.

A LAND CLEARING MACHINE.—A Santa Rosa, Cal., inventor has devised a machine for clearing land that seems to possess considerable merit. At a recent trial stumps and tree, which it would take an experienced and stalwart woodchopper half a day to remove from the soil, were dragged out by the roots in two or three minutes.

LOVE OF LIFE.—A recent writer says that persons who earnestly desire to live can keep a mortal disease at bay much longer than those who are comparatively indifferent to their fate. A resolute determination not to succumb is, as every army surgeon knows, the salvation of many a wounded soldier, who without it would assuredly die.

GUTTA PERCHA AND INDIA RUBBER.—Many people think that gutta percha and India rubber are the same or very similar gums. This, however, is a mistake. India rubber is the solidified sap of a South American tree. It is of a soft, gummy nature; not tenacious, but very elastic; is easily decomposed by oily substances, and does not stand acids well. Gutta percha, which is found only in the East Indies, is obtained from the gutta tree. It is a brownish gum which solidifies by exposure to the air.

AN AUTOMATIC BOILER.—An ingenious little device has appeared which will put an end to one, at least, of the troubles by which the soul of the housewife is vexed. This consists of the automatic boiler, a little clock, which can stand on the range, with its face divided into four spaces of a minute each. Setting the pointer at the minute or fraction which is required, the eggs, contained in a wire basket suspended from a lever connected with the clock, remain in the boiling water the required length of time, when a ratchet is unlatched and the wire basket is lifted out of the water.

THE TELEPHONE IN WAR.—It is an interesting fact, which might become important in case of war, that the telephone furnishes a simple and ready means of intercepting secret telegraphic despatches without the knowledge of the operators. All that is necessary is to run a wire parallel with the telegraph line for a short distance, when the currents induced in this wire as the message is sent reproduce the signal in the telephone. The plan is attended by one difficulty, which is that the signals would become a confused medley of sounds if despatcees were transmitted simultaneously from both ends of the line. This matter has attracted the attention of the Austrian Government.

Farm and Garden.

LIQUID AND SOLID.—Manure is most valuable when the liquids and solids have been saved together. Neither is a complete fertilizer alone, but together they supply all the demands of crops.

THE GARDEN.—The garden is neglected on the farm, and many farmers do not cultivate a plot for a garden. The luxuries of farming can only be obtained by those farmers who grow vegetables and fruits as well as staple crops and grain and grass.

FEEDING.—No study of the question of feeding has ever been made which fully covers the ground. We do not yet realize the importance of making rations proportionate to the needs of the animal. It is a field for investigation, and there are rich results in store for the patient worker.

THE DAIRY.—If you want a paying dairy do not breed everything. If you do you will accomplish about as much as the man who fires at random expecting to kill all the game. When you breed, breed for something. Aim at some idea of excellence using proper means and you will be pretty sure of improvent.

COWS.—If your cows are doing well on the feed they are getting do not change it every time you read what some other dairyman fed to his cows. The latter possibly require a change of food, but experience has shown that cows, like human beings, become accustomed to certain foods and do well on them. A cow that becomes dainty about her food has very likely been overfed.

POULTRY.—The secret of success in the poultry yard is not in hatching but in feeding. How to raise the broods is a problem of magnitude, and for this no fixed rule can be applied. Here the breeder, who has clung to one variety year after year, will be best prepared for the work, because he will best appreciate the conditions as well as wants of the flock. We must reach below the surface and measure the controlling influences.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1890.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy, One Year $2 00
5 Copies, One Year 8 00
6 Copies, One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 9 00
10 Copies, One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 16 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," the size of which is 21 x 28 inches, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to went to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the Two Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "I n Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

The Law of Cruelty.

Any one who watches what passes during a day in such forests as those, for example, which border the Parana in South America will see sights which tend to puzzle a weak spirit.

In the blinding heat of the day the great trees suck up the moisture from the marshy ground with such violence that it seems as though the movement of the sap could be heard; the luxuriance of the vegetation is more than merely healthy—it is a riot of vigor; and the vast masses of branches send forth a mysterious sound which is like a suppressed roar.

The colors shining in the glades are bewildering; the fairy orchids show their gaudy blooms, the blue creepers hang from arch to arch like ellips cut from the purest depths of the sky, and the birds are flying jewels that shame the purest ever worn by a human being.

It is a splendid sight, and, if you will sail lazily upward on an orange schooner, your thoughts are lulled by the mighty progress of the river, and you are inclined to take a complacent view of life.

But a naturalist does not merely think of the pleasure given to his senses; he observes, and, amid all the splendor, he cannot help seeing the grim work of torture and pain and death.

The glistening green snake seizes unhappy frogs and makes away with them in ghastly fashion; the jewelled birds prey on the myriads of insects; and sometimes a wild yell of pain and terror tells that the jaguar is at his work.

All through the lovely day the various creatures are busied in slaying each other, and the very plants seem possessed by the spirit of destruction, for huge parasites strangle the noblest trees; and so the hours wear on until darkness, the work of murder proceeding steadily, and the sounds of death ringing on the air as the vessel glides lazily northward.

Amid creatures small and great all over the world the cases are the same. One fiendish parasite stabs its victims and renders them incapable of motion; then it lays its eggs in the living body, and leaves the paralyzed creature to be devoured by the offspring which come from the feloniously inserted eggs.

It is natural to say that the beings which thus slay and torture cannot restrain themselves—that they are automata. But is there not something deliberate and almost wicked in the enjoyment which a cat derives from playing with her game.

There is no wild or rabid impulse here; it is planned, dexterous infliction of agony; and, if animal expression can be read with anything like accuracy, then puss is malignantly happy, and every pang of her victim gives new zest to the entertainment.

If we take the barbarous races of men or the races that are, in a sense, over-civilized, we find in one case that the brute instinct of cruelty has not been eradicated and in the other case that there is a sort of reversion to barbarism.

Only a short time ago a foreigner who was staying in Shanghai found a large crowd assembled round a cage in which a man was confined; the crowd made merry, and groups passed day after day before the cage. Now that man was condemned to be starved to death in public, and his sufferings were watched by hundreds of a civilized race until his last agony came.

And now what can we say about this mysterious indifference to suffering? The gentlest and sweetest of all modern thinkers spoke with sadness—nay, more, with indignation—of the merciless cruelty which he conceived to be apparent in Nature. But we do not need to think of rude and terrible natural forces, for we find that man himself in his highest development may become as terrible as the earthquake or the ponderous cyclone.

Prince Bismarck may be reckoned as among the highest of our race, so far as intellectual force is concerned. Well, he deliberately forced on a war with Austria in 1866, and he saw the awful carnage of Sadowa. He was watching scores of bodies being cast into one pit when a private soldier said to the statemen, not knowing him, "We pay a little dear for Herr von Bismarck's theories, do we not?" The Count said nothing; nor did he make one sign when, four years later, he rode over the miles of strewn carcasses at Gravelotte Thirty four thousand Germans were down on that field; but the emotionless human Force that caused all that destruction went on without heeding. Was this cruelty? The burly man with the flaming eyes had to make a nation—so his friends say—and an odd half-million of deaths did not matter when such an end was to be gained; but we think that certain obscure persons might possibly tell a different story.

And with strange perversity we honor most those who are most cruel, and who, in pursuit of "honor" and the rest of it, take the lives of God's creatures! We must follow a great thinker and declare that, if we reasoned rigidly on the problem, nothing could save our sanity.

We see that one well-knowing and admirable writer in a daily journal has lately expressed his opinion to the effect that God must not be thought of in connection with the problems of destruction and selfishness. It seems that God has cast aside all responsibility, and thus a clumsy but inexorable law now works in the Creator's stead.

To us that seems rather an odd doctrine. If the law can exist by itself and work on in rigid lines, then we do not see the need for the Creator's original interference.

A logical man would say that, if God does not take an active, unceasing part in ordering His universe, then it is impossible to conceive His existence.

The awful problem of cruelty is very hard, and it may be pleasant to cease facing it and shrink away; but it is there all the same, and, to our fancy, the best plan is to recognize the fact that we are infinitesimal creatures.

The problem which appals us is as nothing to a mighty Artificer who uses us and our fears and our doubts and our sufferings in working out a great end which we cannot yet understand. Men have suffered hard when they have tried to reason on the matter according to the logic of the schools; but one simple observation always did much to cure them of mental misery—to all sentient things, and most of all to those that suffer from Nature's rapine—existence is the chief pleasure.

Until the last stroke comes, they enjoy every instant; and thus the balance is probably well on the side of happiness It seems as if there were compensations always, and we see the soldier who is struck down in a calvary charge exulting wildly until the end.

It does no harm to meditate over a puzzle; and, if we find that it remains all dark to us, the lesson is good, for it probably teaches us to make life pleasant for those around us.

Those who preach the doctrine of cheerfulness—with proper reservations—are on the safe side intellectually, and, at the worst, they can work no evil.

PEOPLE appear to think that, while good manners should be strenuously exacted from children, precept in this connection may stand instead of example, and that orders may be given them and remarks made upon them as if they were devoid of natural feelings and perceptions. As a matter of fact, if, when people want children to do something for them, they would ask it in the same way in which they would address an equal, if they would thank them for little services rendered, speak to them gently, answer their reasonable questions civilly, and avoid unnecessary comments upon their appearance, they would have far less trouble in teaching them to behave with like consideration for others.

THE man who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of man must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, sister, or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care Heroic patience and vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight, may find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even an humble home.

THE business man, the mechanic, the laborer, the teacher, the mother, the housekeeper—all must attend to the practical realities of their labor, and not despise the smallest detail; while at the same time they must ennoble and enrich it by putting themselves into it in the best sense of the word—by embodying their highest conceptions and realising their finest ideals. Thus it is that true progress is made and civilization advances.

THEY who have read about everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours We are of the ruminating, kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.

SOME people seem to think that life is intended to be a perpetual holiday; and, when they have played themselves into sickness by self-indulgence and all sorts of wilful, reckless behavior, they cry or complain because they must suffer the consequences.

A BAD habit broken away from is a good day's work. The earlier a habit is formed the stronger the hold it has. Private personal habits are more difficult to get rid of and have a more demoralising effect than public ones.

Those who would render their charities useful should diffuse them judiciously. He who would have a good crop must sow with his hand, and not pour out of the sack into one heap.

THE essence of happiness in married life is self-sacrifice; and in the practice of this both man and woman find their characters raised and ennobled.

The World's Happenings.

California has a paper called the "Iron Dollar."

A Hungarian lawsuit has just been settled after having been in the courts for 670 years.

About 1500 different kinds of dream books are in the market, and all of them find buyers.

The widow of a carpenter in Reading has found $1000 secreted in her husband's tool chest.

In France official figures show that the unmarried represented 52 per cent. of the entire population.

Nevada cattlemen are troubled by the cruel trait of the magpie which leads it to pick out the eyes of cattle.

"The gloomy ten-acre lot just across the creek from East St. Louis" is the latest Chicago definition of St. Louis.

Sugar was used as fuel by the steamer Polynesian, of the Allan Line, on her last trip, the supply of coal having run short.

The bits of carbon removed from arc lights are believed by some credulous persons to have rheumatism-curing qualities.

An exhibition of toys is about to be opened in St. Petersburg. It is intended to illustrate the history of toys from the earliest ages.

A new French invention is a smoke bomb intended to be fired into the ranks of the enemy who use smokeless powder, and thus obscure their view.

A Federal official in Baltimore received enough applications for office, one day recently, to easily fill, his private secretary estimates, two bushel measures.

Mrs John McWilliams, a Nebraska wife, prays the Court to restrain her lawful husband "from patting her on the head, poking her in the ribs and talking baby talk to her."

Interviewing has been got down to a science by a Parisian who advertises that he will furnish for the provincial press interviews with distinguished men, two a week, for $16 per month.

The first American Union flag was unfurled on January 1, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the British cross in one corner.

A miser who died in Massachusetts left property worth $5000, and since that fact became known the administrator has received numerous letters from persons claiming relationship to the deceased.

A rich landed proprietor in Austria has been sentenced to seven months penal servitude, with occasional days of short rations and sleeping on a plank bed, for inhumanely torturing a farm servant.

All of the bank note currency of the Italian government is engraved and printed in the United States. The notes are neat, but small, resembling somewhat the fractional notes issued in war times.

A prize of $500 has been offered by the British Sunday School Union for the best tale on gambling, "to be drawn as far as possible from actual life," and "to vividly depict the evils of gambling."

An oversight of the painter in failing to insert the word "shoe" before "repairing" makes rather ridiculous the following sign displayed in Cheboygan, Mich.: "Coffins made to order; repairing neatly done."

A family in Whatcom, Wash., not liking the taste of the water they were drawing from their 90-foot-deep well, sent a man down to inspect its depths. The well was in tolerably good condition, but a dead Indian was hoisted out.

At Rome, Ga., the other day, a partridge found its way into the home of Colonel Hass and was captured by Miss Hattie and safely put in a cage. A little while later another partridge walked boldly in and started up stairs, and was also captured.

Barney McGuire, aged 85, who has been in prison 35 years of his life, pleaded guilty in Rochester to larceny, saying he had no home or friends and wanted to go to prison for life. The judge gave the old man a fourteen months' sentence to Auburn prison.

At a recent banquet at San Francisco of the Undertakers' Association the menus were printed on cardboard cut in the shape of a coffin, and among the dishes were chicken dressed a la shroud, smelts on stretcher, and stewed tomatoes a la grippe.

The picture by Romney, which was sent to a recent London exhibition by an old maid, who feared she was presumptuous in asking that it be insured for £2,500, "because it was an old heirloom, and much esteemed in the family," has just been sold, it is said, for $40,000.

Captain Frank Cunningham, Collector of Taxes at Richmond, Va., intends to sing at his own funeral. He has sung at 355 funerals during the last two years. He intends to sing certain songs into a phonograph and let the instrument officiate at the ceremonies preceding his burial.

A saloon keeper of Richmond, Va., was convicted on novel evidence of selling liquor on Sunday. A policeman testified that he was passing the defendant's place on Sunday morning at 2 15 o'clock and saw it lighted up. He peeped through the window and saw reflected in the mirror, which was back of the bar, a man putting two glasses of beer on the bar counter.

Emperor William is exceedingly fond of playing chess. King Humbert of Italy likes a game of draughts. Czar Alexander has a predilection for backgammon. King William of Holland willingly plays piquet. King Christian of Denmark is to be found regularly every evening at the whist table, an amusement to which Queen Victoria is not averse; and the Prince of Wales worships baccarat.

A New Haven ice dealer who went to bed bewailing the short ice crop dreamed that the pond where he usually secures his supply had suddenly frozen over. Being anxious to find out how thick the ice really was, and supposing that he was throwing a stone upon it, he jumped out of bed, grabbed a costly vase from the mantel, and threw it with all his might through a French plate mirror. His customers will pay for it next summer.

DREAMING.

BY SUSANNA J.

With drooping head and loose-locked hands,
Her thoughts with joy and sorrow tinged,
Lost in a world of dreams, she stands
Beside the casement ivy-fringed.

But she, self-wrapped from time and place,
Recalls in thought some happy hour,
Some by-gone day, whose living grace
Hath conquered Time's effacing pow'r.

Its magic yet is o'er her cast,
And still the shadowy scenes unfold
Of joy too exquisite to last,
Too pure and bright for earth to hold.

She lingers, lost in such a dream
As minstrel song can ne'er translate,
Oh, could such hours past bliss redeem
Or for our losses compensate!

Ever Faithful.

BY L. L.

NORA MONTMORRIS sat before the schoolroom fire, her feet on the fender, her elbows on her knees and her hands buried in her great tresses of black hair. It was not a very graceful attitude—for that matter there was not much of grace about Nora's appearance at this period of her existence. Her limbs were long, and her elbows were obtrusive; her hair was always tumbling about her ears; and she had a habit of sticking out her feet, which often brought upon the mild reproof of her stepmother and the more effectual remonstrances of her governess.

The girl was, in fact at that critical, intercoding, but uncomfortable period, which in the other sex is called "hobbledehoyhood". Her dresses were not made quite long, for she was not yet fifteen; but she was a big girl for her age, and she had something of woman, with the ignorance and innocence of a child, just now she was gazing into the fire, and dreaming rather than thinking.

She was picturing in her own mind the delightful walks and talks she would have with Eric Stanmore, her second cousin, when he came that afternoon for his six days' visit.

He would tell her all about that wonderful Oxford of which she had heard so much, all about his tutors, the lectures he had to attend, his companions, his amusements; and she would tell him all about her new governess, the funny old gentleman who came on Tuesdays and Fridays to teach her Latin, and the Christmas party at the Rectory.

Nora sighed with the pleasure of anticipation, and glanced up at the little clock on the mantel-piece, which seemed to go so much more slowly than any other clock in the world.

It still wanted an hour of the time at which Eric was expected to arrive. Time enough in half-an-hour to change her dress, Nora told herself; for she had among other faults, a sad way of putting off things to the last moment.

Mr. Montmorris, Nora's father, was an Irish gentleman who had settled in England. For several years he had been a widower, and he had lately married a sweet-tempered but weak little woman, who, he had hoped, would keep Nora from getting into mischief, and make her grow up a lady-like girl.

He might as well have set a rabbit to train a squirrel. Mrs. Montmorris soon got a governess to help her; and since her own little pink faced cherub had made his appearance, she had left her step daughter very much to the care of Miss Russell.

Eric was Nora's chief friend. For years before either Mrs. Montmorris or Miss Russell had been heard of at The Grange these two had been inseparable companions.

The lad's father had been Mr. Montmorris's cousin, and the dearest friend he had on earth; and, as a boy, Eric had had his home under Mr. Montmorris's roof. He had been at Oxford for more than a year; and Nora had not seen him since the preceding October.

The little clock struck four, and Nora began to think it was time to dress. Suddenly she heard the noise of carriage wheels. She rushed to the window. One glance was enough.

She sprang to the door, flew downstairs like a whirlwind, and burst into the hall with a loud cry, just as her father was welcoming a young lady, dressed in the most beautiful sealskins, who had come from the station with Eric.

Everyone was looking at Nora. She felt awkward, so unsightly, in her brown, ink-stained school-dress, her dirty collar, and her masses of unbrushed hair. Her stepmother looked distressed, her father frowned, the stranger looked amused. Eric—even Eric—was evidently annoyed.

"Nora, my dear——" began Mrs. Montmorris.

"My daughter, Nora" said Nora's father, presenting her to the stranger, without taking the trouble to mention the strange lady's name, as if the girl were a mere child.

Nora shook hands and stood stock still, her cheeks fiery red, her blue eyes flashing. There was no one to blame but herself; but she felt as if everybody had been unkind to her. Even Eric, who came up and shook hands, saying, "how d'ye do, Nora?" did it in a business-like-young-man fashion which Nora detested.

She would not have minded if he had even forgotten to shake hands, if he had only shown in some way, even by a look, that they were on their old footing. But Nora could not tell herself that there was anything of that in his manner.

"He looked as if he were afraid I should want to kiss him," said Nora to herself, in the solitude of her own room, with a look of supreme contempt on her lips, and two big tears in her bonny blue eyes.

"I shan't go down to the drawing-room. I don't want to see that fine London lady, dressed out like a peacock. I wonder who she can be? I know what I'll do; I'll go down to the schoolroom, and if mamma sends up for me I'll say I've a headache. Then I'll see if he comes up to see me. And if Miss Russell wants the room to herself, and sends me to bed, I'll go, and I won't say one French verb right to-morrow."

With these improper resolutions in her mind, Nora went to the schoolroom; and there she sat the whole evening, with Miss Russell on the other side of the fire. Eric never came near her. "They'll think my headache's nothing because I'm only a girl in short frocks. If it had been that London girl, they would have been running all over the house." And, indeed, long before bed time, Nora's headache was real enough.

It was some consolation to meet Eric alone in the breakfast room next morning.

"Why did you not come up yourself to ask for me last night, Eric? It was so unkind of you."

"But I did go, Nora. I went to your bedroom door and knocked gently, but no one answered. I thought you were asleep, so I came away."

"I wasn't in bed. Do you think I am a baby?"

"You always used to go to bed when you had a headache."

"That's a very different thing."

"Well, don't let us quarrel."

"Oh, Eric! I have been so longing to see you? I have so much to say to you! But, first of all, who is that young lady who came with you last night?"

"She is Miss Lyulph, Mrs. Montmorris's niece. She came unexpectedly, for one night only; but I fancy she will stay for a week or two now."

"What! All the time you are here?"

Just then Miss Lyulph entered the room. She was a pretty little creature—a blonde, with fair silky hair, light blue eyes a sweet smile, and dainty little ways.

Nora stood as stiff as a poker, and held out her hand.

From the first day of her visit Miss Lyulph quietly appropriated Eric, and, to Nora's intense indignation, her cousin became the stranger's willing slave. He was always ready to accompany her whenever she expressed a wish to go out.

"Won't you come with us, Nora?" Miss Lyulph could say, with a little air of patronage; and when the girl stiffly declined, Miss Lyulph would indulge in a quiet smile which wounded poor Nora to the quick.

Sometimes the visitor would, with real or affected kindness beg a holiday "for the child," as she called Nora—an intervention which the girl always regarded as an insult.

"How changed you are, Nora!" exclaimed Eric, one day, when she answered him with some petulance.

"I think it is you who are changed," exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "You used to like to be with me, and talk to me. After all, there are only five years between us, you know. And now you only care to be with that odious Miss Lyulph."

"Nora! how can you?" cried Eric, his face as red as fire; "and Miss Lyulph is always so kind and good to you."

"I don't want any of her kindness," cried the girl, marching out of the room.

And yet Nora, with her quick Irish instinct, had divined Miss Lyulph's true character, while Eric Stanmore had quite misread her. Ida Lyulph was a born flirt.

She was more than half engaged to a wealthy man whom she had her eye on for three seasons; but she liked to see Eric's frank brown eyes turned on her, full of admiration and that kind of worship with which a lad worships a beautiful woman.

"He is only a boy," she would say to herself, in self-excuse. And she cared nothing for the fact that Nora had been deprived of her long-expected pleasure.

* * * * * * *

A month went by. Eric had returned to Oxford; but Miss Lyulph remained in her comfortable quarters at The Grange.

Nora had only been able to exchange a few words with her cousin before he left; but they had been of the old familiar, unrestrained type. It was the one little bit of his visit that she could look back upon with pleasure.

After some hesitation, Nora decided to send her cousin a valentine. It should be a very small, modest, inexpensive one. She found an opportunity one day, when her stepmother and Miss Lyulph were looking at some silks in the draper's at Carbridge, the nearest town, to slip into a stationer's shop and buy one.

It was very pretty, and Nora thought Eric could not but admire it. She could not resist putting her initials, in very tiny letters, in one corner; and it was safely posted on the 12th of February.

On St. Valentine's Day Nora was the first in the breakfast room. The letters and papers were distributed over the table! One glance at her plate told Nora the horrid truth. Eric had send her nothing!

Tears of mortification were still standing in the girl's eyes, when she happened to look at the plate next her own. There lay a large thick envelope, evidently containing a box, for the address was written on a label. Nora could not help looking at it. Yes, it was for Miss Lyulph; and the words were written in E ic's well-knowing handwriting.

It was too much. A sudden transport of rage seized the girl, and she yielded to it. Lifting the hated valentine by the string which attached the label to it, she carried it with one sweep of her arm to the great fire which burned close by.

One moment she hesitated; the next she let the string through her fingers. The envelope caught fire in a moment; and Nora, realising too late what she had done, made a desperate plunge at it with the tongs.

But she only succeeded in rescuing a scrap—a half charred corner of the envelope. The box and its contents were a mass of flames. Nora took the scrap of paper, and, with a grim smile, laid it on her rival's plate.

Hardly had she done this when her father and her step-mother, closely followed by Miss Lyulph, entered the room.

"What is this on my plate? Oh!" cried Miss Lyulph.

"What is it, Ida?" asked Mr. Montmorris.

"It was a letter that came for you. I burned it," said Nora, looking Miss Lyulph full in the face.

"Nora!" exclaimed her father.

The tone of his voice made the wilful girl start. She looked at him, and for the first time in her life she trembled. She had never seen her father angry before. He was white with rage, and for a time he could not trust himself to speak. There was perfect silence in the room. Nora stood without moving.

"Do I understand that you wilfully burned Miss Lyulph's letter?" asked Mr. Montmorris, in a tone of suppressed passion.

Nora tried to speak. Not a sound would come from her lips. She tried again—still not a sound could she utter. The silence in the room was becoming unendurable. She rallied herself, grasped the table, and, with brows knitted and her bosom heaving, answered—

"Yes; I did it on purpose."

"You have disgraced not only yourself, but me, and the entire family," said Mr. Montmorris, sternly. "I hope," he added, turning to his guest, "that you will accept what apology I can offer for this outrage, I am deeply ashamed that such a thing should have happened in my house."

"Oh, pray don't say anything more about it," cried Miss Lyulph. If Nora happens to know whom the letter was from——"

"Nora, why did you do this wicked thing?" cried Mr. Montmorris. "Do you know whom the letter was from?"

This was the hardest question of all for the poor girl to answer. She trembled, and looked so distressed that her stepmother gently went up to her, and put her arm round her shoulder.

For the first time in her life, Nora felt that she loved her stepmother.

"The poor child is sorry, I am sure," said the kind-hearted mother. "She will tell us all about it by and-bye."

But Nora was no coward.

"It was from Eric," she said; proudly keeping back her tears. "It was—a—valentine."

A smile struggled to her father's face. Miss Lyulph bit her lip.

"Oh, then it really doesn't matter, he can easily buy another one," said Mrs. Montmorris.

"No, Edith," said her husband, gravely. "Such an outburst of ungovernable temper cannot be passed over. Nora must go to school. I shall send her to the convent school at Ballyfergus."

Ballyfergus was a small town on the west coast of Ireland, which boasted a convent school. Mr. Montmorris's sisters had been brought up at it, and he would have sent his daughter there before his second marriage, but for the pain of parting from his only child.

Nora heard her sentence without a word of reply, and, at a sign from her father, took her seat at the table. The meal was a silent one. It was in vain that Mrs. Montmorris tried to make light of her step daughter's offence, and even tried to rally her niece on "her conquest." Her well-meant efforts were not well received either by Ida or by her husband, and everybody was glad when the meal came to an end.

In the course of the forenoon one of the servants picked up a tiny bit of gold, all discolored and misshapen, from among the ashes below the grate, and this incident did not tend to lighten the cloud that hung over poor Nora.

That afternoon Mrs. Montmorris wrote to Eric, telling him what had happened; and two days afterwards a reply came. Ida got a second valentine, and Mrs. Montmorris put the letter she had received from Eric into Nora's hands.

"I had not intended to show you this," she said, in a kind tone; but your father thought you ought to see it."

"I can't understand why Nora should have done such a thing," wrote Eric; "but you know how impulsive she is. I suppose she didn't give herself time to think what she was doing. Of course, it doesn't really matter. Please give her my love. By the way, I met Nora's aunt, Lady Chadwick, the other day. She has taken a furnished house here, to be near her two precious boys, and she asked me to tell you, next time I wrote, that she would be very glad if you could spare Nora to come to her for a week or two at Easter. I suppose there will be no difficulty about her coming, so it will be something for her to look forward to. We have plenty to show her at Oxford, and I am sure she will enjoy it."

The letter dropped from Nora's fingers, and for the first time since that unhappy morning the hot tears burst from her eyes. She covered her face with her hands, and gave way to her grief.

To have missed all that! To think that she might have seen Oxford, with its colleges—of which she had heard so often—the river, the boating; with Eric to show her everything, and go everywhere with her,—to have forfeited so much pleasure for the gratification of one bad impulse.

For, of course, it was impossible for her to go to Lady Chadwick now. Her father had already written to the reverend Mother at the convent to ask whether his daughter could be received at once.

The school was full; but room was made for Nora, for the Montmorris's belonged to the neighborhood in which the convent had been built. Mr. Montmorris made arrangements to take Nora to school himself; and the end of February saw her settled in her new home.

* * * * * * *

It was one of the consequences of Nora's being sent to school as a punishment that she regarded the convent as a prison. She obeyed the rules and learned her lessons from a proud dislike of getting into trouble. But she took no interest in anything, and the Sisters noticed that she did not make a single friend among the girls. There was one of the nuns, however, who, unknown to herself, had attracted Nora's attention—Sister Theresa. The Sister had a very pale face, and a very sweet smile, with an undertone of sadness in it.

Often Nora had watched her when she thought herself unobserved, and had seen her attention wander, and the dull fix itself on something unseen, while the expression of her face would change to one of the keenest sorrow. Then, by degrees, the look of peace would return to her face, and, with a sigh and a start, Sister Theresa would come back from her reverie.

This sister surprised Nora one day in the act of debating violently with a piece of thing that lay on her desk.

"I just have [illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1890.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," the size of which is 21 x 28 inches, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the Two Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "I n Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

The Law of Cruelty.

Any one who watches what passes during a day in such forests as those, for example, which bord er the Parana in South America will see sights which tend to puz zle a weak spirit.

In the blinding heat of the day the great trees suck up the moisture from the marshy ground with such violence that it seems as though the movement of the sap could be heard; the luxuriance of the vegetation is more than merely healthy—it is a riot of vigor; and the vast masses of branches send forth a mysterious sound which is like a suppressed roar.

The colors shining in the glades are bewildering; the fairy orchids show their gaudy blooms, the blue creepers hang from arch to arch like slips cut from the purest depths of the sky, and the birds are flying jewels that shame the purest ever worn by a human being.

It is a splendid sight, and, if you will sail lazily upward on an orange schooner, your thoughts are filled by the mighty progress of the river, and you are inclined to take a complacent view of life.

But a naturalist do es not merely think of the pleasure given to his senses; he observes, and, amid all the splendor, he can not help seeing the g.im work of torture and pain and death.

The gleaming green snake seizes unhappy frogs and makes away with them in silently hushing, the jew eled birds prey on the myriads of insects; and sometimes a wild yell of pain and fe ar tells that the jaguar is at his work.

All through the lovely day the various creatures are busied in slaying each other, and the very plants seem possessed by the spirit of destruction, for huge parasites strangle the noblest trees; and so the hours wear on until darkness, the work of mur der proceeding steadily, and the sounds of death ringing on the air as the vessel glides lazily northward.

Amid creatures small and great all over the world the cases are the same. One fiendish parasite stabs its victims and renders them incapable of motion; then it lays its eggs in the living body, and leaves the paralyzed creature to be devoured by the offspring which come from the feloniously inserted eggs.

It is natural to say that the beings which thus slay and torture cannot restrain themselves—that they are automata. But is there not something deliberate and almost wicked in the enjoyment which a cat derives from playing with her game.

There is no wild or rabid impulse here; it is planned, dexterous infliction of agony; and, if animal expression can be read with anything like accuracy, then puss is malignantly happy, and every pang of her victim gives new zest to the entertainment.

If we take the barbarous races of men or the races that are, in a sense, over-civilized, we find in one case that the brute instinct of cruelty has not been eradicated and in the other case that there is a sort of reversion to barbarism.

Only a short time ago a foreigner who was staying in Shanghai found a large crowd assembled round a cage in which a man was confined; the crowd made merry, and groups passed day after day before the cage. Now that man was condemned to be starved to death in public, and his sufferings were watched by hundreds of a civilized race until his last agony came.

And now what can we say about this mysterious indifference to suffering? The gentlest and sweetest of all modern thinkers spoke with sadness—nay, more, with indignation—of the merciless cruelty which he conceived to be apparent in Nature. But we do not need to think of rude and terrible natural forces, for we find that man himself in his highest development may become as terrible as the earthquake or the ponderous cyclone.

Prince Bismarck may be reckoned as among the highest of our race, so far as intellectual force is concerned. Well, he deliberately forced on a war with Austria in 1866, and he saw the awful carnage of Sadowa. He was watching scores of bodies being cast into one pit when a private soldier said to the statemen, not knowing him, "We pay a little dear for Herr von Bismarck's theories, do we not?" The Count said nothing; nor did he make one sign when, four years later, he rode over the miles of strown carcasses at Gravelotte Thirty four thousand Germans were down on that field; but the emotionless human Force that caused all that destruction went on without heeding. Was this cruelty? The burly man with the flaming eyes had to make a nation—so his friends say—and an odd half-million of deaths did not matter when such an end was to be gained; but we think that certain obscure persons might possibly tell a different story.

And with strange perversity we honor most those who are most cruel, and who, in pursuit of "honor" and the rest of it, take the lives of God's creatures! We must follow a great thinker and declare that, if we reasoned rigidly on the problem, nothing could save our sanity.

We see that one well-knowing and admirable writer in a daily journal has lately expressed his opinion to the effect that God must not be thought of in connection with the problems of destrution and selfishness. It seems that God has cast aside all responsibility, and thus a clumsy but inexorable law now works in the Creator's stead.

To us that seems rather an odd doctrine. If the law can exist by itself and work on in rigid lines, then we do not see the need for the Creator's original interference.

A logical man would say that, if God does not take an active, uncensing part in ordering His universe, then it is impossible to conceive His existence.

The awful problem of cruelty is very hard, and it may be pleasant to cease facing it and shrink away; but it is there all the same, and, to our fancy, the best plan is to recognize the fact that we are infinitesimal creatures.

The problem which appals us is as nothing to a mighty Artificer who uses us and our fears and our doubts and our sufferings in working out a great end which we cannot yet understand. Men have suffered hard when they have tried to reason on the matter according to the logic of the schools; but one simple observation always did much to cure them of mental misery—to all sentient things, and most of all to those that suffer from Nature's rapine—existence is the chief pleasure.

Until the last strok e comes, they enjoy every instant; and thus the balance is probably well on the side of happiness It seems as if there were compensations always, and we see the soldier who is struck down in a calvary charge exulting wildly until the end.

It does no harm to meditate over a puzzle; and, if we find that it remains all dark to us, the lesson is good, for it probably teaches us to make life pleasant for those around us.

Those who preach the doctrine of cheerfulness—with proper reservations—are on the safe side intellectually, and, at the worst, they can work no evil.

PEOPLE appear to think that, while good manners should be strenuously exacted from children, precept in this connection may stand instead of example, and that orders may be given them and remarks made upon them as if they were devoid of natural feelings and perceptions. As a matter of fact, if, when people want children to do something for them, they would ask it in the same way in which they would address an equal, if they would thank them for little services rendered, speak to them gently, answer their reasonable questions civilly, and avoid unnecessary comments upon their appearance, they would have far less trouble in teaching them to behave with like consideration for others.

THE man who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of man must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, sister, or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care Heroic patience and vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight, may find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even an humble home.

THE business man, the mechanic, the laborer, the teacher, the mother, the housekeeper—all must attend to the practical realities of their labor, and not despise the smallest detail; while at the same time they must ennoble and enrich it by putting themselves into it in the best sense of the word—by embodying their highest conceptions and realising their finest ideals. Thus it is that true progress is made and civilization advances.

THEY who have read about everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours We are of the ruminating, kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.

SOME people seem to think that life is intended to be a perpetual holiday; and, when they have played themselves into sickness by self-indulgence and all sorts of wilful, reckless behavior, they cry or complain because they must suffer the consequences.

A BAD habit broken away from is a good day's work. The earlier a habit is formed the stronger the hold it has. Private personal habits are more difficult to get rid of and have a more demoralising effect than public ones.

Those who would render their charities useful should diffuse them judiciously. He who would have a good crop must sow with his hand, and not pour out of the sack into one heap.

THE essence of happiness is married life is self-sacrifice; and in the practice of this both man and woman find their characters raised and ennobled.

The World's Happenings.

California has a paper called the "Iron Dollar."

A Hungarian lawsuit has just been settled after having been in the courts for 470 years.

About 1500 different kinds of dream books are in the market, and all of them find buyers.

The widow of a carpenter in Reading has found $1000 secreted in her husband's tool chest.

In France official figures show that the unmarried represented 52 per cent. of the entire population.

Nevada cattlemen are troubled by the cruel trait of the magpie which leads it to pick out the eyes of cattle.

"The gloomy ten-acre lot just across the creek from East St. Louis" is the latest Chicago definition of St. Louis.

Sugar was used as fuel by the steamer Polynesian, of the Allan Line, on her last trip, the supply of coal having run short.

The bite of carbon removed from arc lights are believed by some credulous persons to have rheumatism-curing qualities.

An exhibition of toys is about to be opened in St. Petersburg. It is intended to illustrate the history of toys from the earliest ages.

A new French invention is a smoke bomb intended to be fired into the ranks of the enemy who use smokeless powder, and thus obscure their view.

A Federal official in Baltimore received enough applications for office, one day recently, to easily fill his private secretary estimates, two bushel measures.

Mrs. John McWilliams, a Nebraska wife, prays the Court to restrain her lawful husband "from patting her on the head, poking her in the ribs and talking baby talk to her."

Interviewing has been got down to a science by a Parisian who advertises that he will furnish for the provincial press interviews with distinguished men, two a week, for $15 per month.

The first American Union flag was unfurled on January 1, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the British cross in one corner.

A miser who died in Massachusetts left property worth $3000, and since that fact became known the administrator has received numerous letters from persons claiming relationship to the deceased.

A rich landed proprietor in Austria has been sentenced to seven months penal servitude, with occasional days of short rations and sleeping on a plank bed, for inhumanely torturing a farm servant.

All of the bank note currency of the Italian government is engraved and printed in the United States. The notes are neat, but small, resembling somewhat the fractional notes issued in war times.

A prize of $500 has been offered by the British Sunday School Union for the best tale on gambling, "to be drawn as far as possible from actual life," and "to vividly depict the evils of gambling."

An oversight of the painter in failing to insert the word "shoe" before "repairing" makes rather ridiculous the following sign displayed in Chebovgan, Mich.: "Coffins made to order; repairing neatly done."

A family in Whatcom, Wash., not liking the taste of the water they were drawing from their 90-foot-deep well, sent a man down to inspect its depths. The well was in tolerably good condition, but a dead Indian was hoisted out.

At Rome, Ga., the other day, a partridge found its way into the home of Colonel Hasband was captured by Miss Hattie and safely put in a cage. A little while later another partridge walked boldly in and started up stairs, and was also captured.

Barney McGuire, aged 85 who has been in prison 35 years of his life, pleaded guilty in Rochester to larceny, saying he had no home or friends and wanted to go to prison for life. The judge gave the old man a fourteen months' sentence to Auburn prison.

At a recent banquet at San Francisco of the Undertakers' Association the menus were printed on cardboard cut in the shape of a coffin, and among the dishes were chicken dressed a la shroud, smelts on stretcher, and stewed tomatoes a la grippe.

The picture by Romney, which was sent to a recent London exhibition by an old maid, who feared she was presumptuous in asking that it be insured for $2 500, "because it was an old heirloom, and much esteemed in the family," has just been sold, it is said, for $40 000.

Captain Frank Cunningham, Collector of Taxes at Richmond, Va., intends to sing at his own funeral. He has sung at 385 funerals during the last two years. He intends to sing certain songs into a phonograph and let the instrument officiate at the ceremonies preceding his burial.

A saloon keeper of Richmond, Va., was convicted on novel evidence of selling liquor on Sunday. A policeman testified that he was passing the defendant's place on Sunday morning at 2 15 o'clock and saw it lighted up. He peeped through the window and saw reflected in the mirror, which was back of the bar, a man putting two glasses of beer on the bar counter.

Emperor William is exceedingly fond of playing chess. King Humbert of Italy likes a game of draughts. Czar Alexander has a predilection for backgammon. King William of Holland willingly plays piquet. King Christian of Denmark is to be found regularly every evening at the whist table, an amusement to which Queen Victoria is not averse; and the Prince of Wales worships baccarat.

A New Haven ice dealer who went to bed bewailing the short ice crop dreamed that the pond where he usually secures his supply had suddenly frozen over, living anxious to send out loads during the ice famine was, and supposing that he was delivering a heavy order to Mr. Bergen out of town, gathered a heavy load from the nearest, and threw it over the fence through a French plate mirror. His customer will pay for it next summer.

DREAMING.

BY SUSANNA J.

With drooping head and loose-locked hands,
Her thoughts with joy and sorrow tinged,
Lost in a world of dreams, she stands
Beside the casement ivy-fringed.

But she, self-wrapped from time and place,
Recalls in thought some happy hour,
Some by-gone day, whose living grace
Hath conquered Time's effacing pow'r.

Its magic yet is o'er her cast,
And still the shadowy scenes unfold
Of joy too exquisite to last,
Too pure and bright for earth to hold.

She lingers, lost in such a dream
As minstrel song can ne'er translate,
Oh, could such hours past bliss redeem
Or for our losses compensate!

Ever Faithful.

BY L. L.

NORA MONTMORRIS sat before the schoolroom fire, her feet on the fender, her elbows on her knees and her hands buried in her great tresses of black hair. It was not a very graceful attitude—for that matter there was not much of grace about Nora's appearance at this period of her existence. Her limbs were long, and her elbows were obtrusive; her hair was always tumbling about her ear: and she had a habit of sticking out her feet, which often brought upon the mild reproof of her stepmother and the more effectual remonstrances of her governess.

The girl was, in fact at that critical, interesting, but uncomfortable period, which in the other sex is called "hobbledehoyhood". Her dresses were not made quite long, for she was not yet fifteen; but she was a big girl for her age, and she had something of woman, with the ignorance and innocence of a child, just now she was gazing into the fire, and dreaming rather than thinking.

She was picturing in her own mind the delightful walks and talks she would have with Eric Stanmore, her second cousin, when he came that afternoon for his six days' visit.

He would tell her all about that wonderful Oxford of which she had heard so much, all about his tutors, the lectures he had to attend, his companions, his amusements; and she would tell him all about her new governess, the funny old gentleman who came on Tuesdays and Fridays to teach her Latin, and the Christmas party at the Rectory.

Nora sighed with the pleasure of anticipation, and glanced up at the little clock on the mantel-piece, which seemed to go so much more slowlw than any other clock in the world.

It still wanted an hour of the time at which Eric was expected to arrive. Time enough in half-an-hour to change her dress, Nora told hesself; for she had among other faults, a sad way of putting off things to the last moment.

Mr. Montmorris, Nora's father, was an Irish gentleman who had settled in England. For several years he had been a widower, and he had lately married a sweet-tempered but weak little woman, who, he had hoped, would keep Nora from getting into mischief, and make her grow up a lady-like girl.

He might as well have set a rabbit to train a squirrel. Mrs. Montmorris soon got a governess to help her; and since her own little pink faced cherub had made his appearance, she had left her step daughter very much to the care of Miss Russell.

Eric was Nora's chief friend. For years before either Mrs. Montmorris or Miss Russell had been heard of at The Grange these two had been inseparable companions.

The lad's father had been Mr. Montmorris's cousin, and the dearest friend he had on earth; and, as a boy, Eric had had his home under Mr. Montmorris's roof. He had been at Oxford for more than a year; and Nora had not seen him since the preceding October.

The little clock struck four, and Nora began to think it was time to dress. Suddenly she heard the noise of carriage wheels. She rushed to the window. One glance was enough.

She sprang to the door, flew downstairs like a whirlwind, and burst into the hall with a loud cry, just as her father was welcoming a young lady, dressed in the most beautiful sealskins, who had come from the station with Eric.

Everyone was looking at Nora. She felt so awkward, so unsightly, in her brown, ink-stained school-dress, her dirty collar, and her masses of unbrushed hair. Her stepmother looked distressed, her father frowned, the stranger looked amused. Eric—even Eric—was evidently annoyed.

"Nora, my dear——" began Mrs. Montmorris.

"My daughter, Nora" said Nora's father, presenting her to the stranger, without taking the trouble to mention the strange lady's name, as if the girl were a mere child.

Nora shook hands and stood stock still, her cheeks fiery red, her blue eyes flashing. There was no one to blame but herself; but she felt as if everybody had been unkind to her. Even Eric, who came up and shook hands, saying, "how d'ye do, Nora?" did it in a business like-young-man fashion which Nora detested.

She would not have minded if he had even forgotten to shake hands, if he had only shown in some way, even by a look, that they were on their old footing. But Nora could not tell herself that there was anything of that in his manner.

"He looked as if he were afraid I should want to kiss him," said Nora to herself, in the solitude of her own room, with a look of supreme contempt on her lips, and two big tears in her bonny blue eyes.

"I shan't go down to the drawing-room. I don't want to see that fine London lady, dressed out like a peacock. I wonder who she can be? I know what I'll do; I'll go down to the schoolroom, and if mamma sends up for me I'll say I've a headache. Then I'll see if he comes up to see me. And if Miss Russell wants the room to herself, and sends me to bed, I'll go, and I won't say one French verb right to-morrow."

With these improper resolutions in her mind, Nora went to the schoolroom; and there she sat the whole evening, with Miss Russell on the other side of the fire. Eric never came near her. "They'll think my headache's nothing because I'm only a girl in short frocks. If it had been that London girl, they would have been running all over the house." And, indeed, long before bed time, Nora's headache was real enough.

It was some consolation to meet Eric alone in the breakfast room next morning.

"Why did you not come up yourself to ask for me last night, Eric? It was so unkind of you."

"But I did go, Nora. I went to your bedroom door and knocked gently, but no one answered. I thought you were asleep, so I came away."

"I wasn't in bed. Do you think I am a baby?"

"You always used to go to bed when you had a headache."

"That's a very different thing."

"Well, don't let us quarrel."

"Oh, Eric! I have been so longing to see you? I have so much to say to you! But, first of all, who is that young lady who came with you last night?"

"She is Miss Lyulph, Mrs. Montmorris's niece. She came unexpectedly, for one night only; but I fancy she will stay for a week or two now."

"What! All the time you are here?"

Just then Miss Lyulph entered the room. She was a pretty little creature—a blonde, with fair silky hair, light blue eyes a sweet smile, and dainty little ways.

Nora stood as stiff as a poker, and held out her hand.

From the first day of her visit Miss Lyulp quietly appropriated Eric, and, to Nora's intense indignation, her cousin became the stranger's willing slave. He was always ready to accompany her whenever she expressed a wish to go out.

"Won't you come with us, Nora?" Miss Lyulph could say, with a little air of patronage; and when the girl stiffly declined, Miss Lyulph would indulge in a quiet smile which wounded poor Nora to the quick.

Sometimes the visitor would, with real or affected kindness beg a holiday "for the child," as she called Nora—an intervention which the girl always regarded as an insult.

"How changed you are, Nora!" exclaimed Eric, one day, when she answered him with some petulance.

"I think it is you who are changed," exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "You used to like to be with me, and talk to me. After all, there are only five years between us, you know. And now you only care to be with that odious Miss Lyulph."

"Nora! how can you?" cried Eric, his face as red as fire; "and Miss Lyulph is always so kind and good to you."

"I don't want any of her kindness," cried the girl, marching out of the room.

And yet Nora, with her quick Irish instinct, had divined Miss Lyulph's true character, while Eric Stanmore had quite misread her. Ida Lyulph was a born flirt.

She was more than half engaged to a wealthy man whom she had her eye on for three seasons; but she liked to see Eric's frank brown eyes turned on her, full of admiration and that kind of worship with which a lad worships a beautiful woman.

"He is only a boy," she would say to herself, in self-excuse. And she cared nothing for the fact that Nora had been deprived of her long-expected pleasure.

* * * * * * *

A month went by. Eric had returned to Oxford; but Miss Lyulph remained in her comfortable quarters at The Grange.

Nora had only been able to exchange a few words with her cousin before he left; but they had been of the old familiar, unrestrained type. It was the one little bit of his visit that she could look back upon with pleasure.

After some hesitation, Nora decided to send her cousin a valentine. It should be a very small, modest, inexpensive one. She found an opportunity one day, when her stepmother and Miss Lyulph were looking at some silks in the draper's at Carbridge, the nearest town, to slip into a stationer's shop and buy one.

It was very pretty, and Nora thought Eric could not but admire it. She could not resist putting her initials, in very tiny letters, in one corner; and it was safely posted on the 12th of February.

On St. Valentine's Day Nora was the first in the breakfast room. The letters and papers were distributed over the table! One glance at her plate told Nora the horrid truth. Eric had send her nothing!

Tears of mortification were still standing in the girl's eyes, when she happened to look at the plate next her own. There lay a large thick envelope, evidently containing a box, for the address was written on a label. Nora could not help looking at it. Yes, it was for Miss Lyulph; and the words were written in E ic's well-knowing handwriting.

It was too much. A sudden transport of rage seized the girl, and she yielded to it. Lifting the hated valentine by the string which attached the label to it, she carried it with one sweep of her arm to the great fire which burned close by.

One moment she hesitated; the next she let the string through her fingers. The envelope caught fire in a moment; and Nora, realising too late what she had done, made a desperate plunge at it with the tongs.

But she only succeeded in rescuing a scrap—a half charred corner of the envelope. The box and its contents were a mass of flames. Nora took the scrap of paper, and, with a grim smile, laid it on her rival's plate.

Hardly had she done this when her father and her step-mother, closely followed by Miss Lyulph, entered the room.

"What is this on my plate? Oh!" cried Miss Lyulph.

"What is it, Ida?" asked Mr. Montmorris.

"It was a letter that came for you. I burned it," said Nora, looking Miss Lyulph full in the face.

"Nora!" exclaimed her father.

The tone of his voice made the wilful girl start. She looked at him, and for the first time in her life she trembled. She had never seen her father angry before. He was white with rage, and for a time he could not trust himself to speak. There was perfect silence in the room. Nora stood without moving.

"Do I understand that you wilfully burned Miss Lyulph's letter?" asked Mr. Montmorris, in a tone of suppressed passion.

Nora tried to speak. Not a sound would come from her lips. She tried again—still not a sound could she utter. The silence in the room was becoming unendurable. She rallied herself, grasped the table, and, with brows knitted and her bosom heaving, answered—

"Yes; I did it on purpose."

"You have disgraced not only yourself, but me, and the entire family," said Mr. Montmorris, sternly. "I hope," he added, turning to his guest, "that you will accept what apology I can offer for this outrage, I am deeply ashamed that such a thing should have happened in my house."

"Oh, pray don't say anything more about it," cried Miss Lyulph. If Nora happens to know whom the letter was from——"

"Nora, why did you do this wicked thing?" cried Mr. Montmorris. "Do you know whom the letter was from?"

This was the hardest question of all for the poor girl to answer. She trembled, and looked so distressed that her stepmother gently went up to her, and put her arm round her shoulder.

For the first time in her life, Nora felt that she loved her stepmother.

"The poor child is sorry, I am sure," said the kind-hearted mother. "She will tell us all about it by and-bye."

But Nora was no coward.

"It was from Eric," she said; proudly keeping back her tears. "It was—a—valentine."

A smile struggled to her father's face. Miss Lyulph bit her lip.

"Oh, then it really doesn't matter, he can easily buy another one," said Mrs. Montmorris.

"No, Edith," said her husband, gravely. "Such an outburst of ungovernable temple cannot be passed over. Nora must go to school. I shall send her to the convent school at Ballyfergus."

Ballyfergus was a small town on the west coast of Ireland, which boasted a convent school. Mr. Montmorris's sisters had been brought up at it, and he would have sent his daughter there before his second marriage, but for the pain of parting from his only child.

Nora heard her sentence without a word of reply, and, at a sign from her father, took her seat at the table. The meal was a silent one. It was in vain that Mrs. Montmorris tried to make light of her step daughters's offence, and even tried to rally her niece on "her conquest." Her well-meant efforts were not well received either by Ida or by her husband, and everybody was glad when the meal came to an end.

In the course of the forenoon one of the servants picked up a tiny bit of gold, all discolored and misshapen, from among the ashes below the grate, and this incident did not tend to lighten the cloud that hung over poor Nora.

That afternoon Mrs. Montmorris wrote to Eric, telling him what had happened; and two days afterwards a reply came. Ida got a second valentine, and Mrs. Montmorris put the letter she had received from Eric into Nora's hands.

"I had not intended to show you this," she said, in a kind tone; but your father thought you ought to see it."

"I can't understand why Nora should have done such a thing," wrote Eric; "but you know how impulsive she is. I suppose she didn't give herself time to think what she was doing. Of course, it doesn't really matter. Please give her my love. By the way, I met Nora's aunt, Lady Chadwick, the other day. She has taken a furnished house here, to be near her two precious boys, and she asked me to tell you, next time I wrote, that she would be very glad if you could spare Nora to come to her for a week or two at Easter. I suppose there will be no difficulty about her coming, so it will be something for her to look forward to. We have plenty to know her at Oxford, and I am sure she will enjoy it."

The letter dropped from Nora's fingers, and for the first time since that unhappy morning the hot tears burst from her eyes. She covered her face with her hands, and gave way to her grief.

To have missed all that! To think that she might have seen Oxford, with its colleges—of which she had heard so often—the river, the boating; with Eric to show her everything, and go everywhere with her,—to have forfeited so much pleasure for the gratification of one bad impulse.

For, of course, it was impossible for her to go to Lady Chadwick now. Her father had already written to the reverend Mother at the convent to ask whether his daughter could be received at once.

The school was full; but room was made for Nora, for the Montmorris's belonged to the neighborhood in which the convent had been built. Mr. Montmorris made arrangements to take Nora to school himself; and the end of February saw her settled another now home.

* * * * * * *

It was one of the consequences of Nora's being sent to school as a punishment that she regarded the convent as a prison. She obeyed the rules and learned her lessons from a proud dislike of getting into trouble. But she took no interest in anything, and the Sisters noticed that she did not make a single friend among the girls. There was one of the nuns, however, who, unknown to herself, had attracted Nora's attention—Sister Theresa. The Sister had a very pale face, and a very sweet smile, with an undertone of sadness in it.

Often Nora had watched her whom she thought herself unobserved, and had seen her attention wander, and then fix itself on something unseen, while the expression of her face would change to one of the keenest sorrow. Then, by degrees, the look of peace would return to her face, and, with a sigh and a start, Sister Theresa would come back from her reverie.

This sister nursed Nora one day when a fit of fainting violently with a pain something that lay on her chest.

"What have you done, my child?"

With a blush, Nora showed an almanac in which the record of the days that had already gone was annihilated with pinpricks. She was counting the days that lay between her and home.

"Foolish child!" said Sister Theresa, as she stroked Nora's hair; "not one of those days you have struck out will ever come back to trouble you. They are all gone, never to return. Some day, perhaps, you may wish that you had a few of them to live over again; but never mind that now. Do you wish your time here to seem long and dreary? It must seem so to you, so long as you fail to unite you do. But if you put your spirit, throw your heart in to your work, and learn to love your schoolmates, the weeks will pass like a shadow. You live entirely for yourself, Nora"; and with these words, spoken, almost in a whisper, Sister Theresa slipped out of the room.

That hour was the beginning of a new chapter in Nora's life. She began that hardest of all struggles, the subjugation of her own self-will. She forced herself to talk to the other girls—forced herself to meet her teachers with a smile. And before long she had her reward.

Life seemed brighter to her; she caught herself one day laughing merrily, and was surprised to find that the cloud had passed away from her life.

In July Nora went home for six weeks. She was taller, stouter, more womanly already. She was also gentler in her movements, as given to moodiness, and more willing to join in proposals for which she herself did not care.

Eric was not at the Grange, having gone with one or two friends on a walking tour in Scotland. Nora was disappointed, and yet was she to feel a certain sense of relief to think that he was not there to tease her about the burnt valentine.

The most frequent visitor at her father's house that summer was a Mr. Edwin Offord. He had a good estate not far off; and Mr. Montmorris liked his society, chiefly because he made an admirable listener.

But Nora could not help entertaining an uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Offord's eyes were often wandering in her direction. She hated the idea of such a thing. She did not want a lover at all, not for "years and years" at any rate. Least of all did she want a lover like Mr. Edwin Offord.

In reality he was still a young man, being not much over thirty; but to Nora, who had always known him as "grown up," he seemed quite old, and he was already getting a little bald.

To be sure, he had an excellent disposition but he was dreadfully silent, dreadfully formal; and Nora could not think of him as a lover without shuddering.

In the autumn Nora returned to Ballyfergus, and the following Christmas she spent at school.

When the 14 of February came round, there was perceptible stir and "sensation" among the girls, of which the Sisters took no notice. It was a rule of the school that all letters from unknown correspondents were opened, or sent home for approval, before being delivered.

In the interval between school and the early dinner, Sister Theresa said to Nora, with a pleased look in her face, "There was a large letter for you this morning, my dear; but we sent it home, you know, for your father's approval."

Nora's face grew as red as a Lancaster rose, and her heart beat fast. So Eric had not forgotten her! She hated the idea of anyone bowdlerizing her valentine, turning it over, criticising it. But that could not be helped. Surely her father would not send it back to Eric?

Four days afterwards Nora was summoned into the Mother superior's room. The reverend Mother held a flat pasteboard box; "and your father wishes you to know that it is with his full permission that we give it to you."

Somehow, this sounded strangely. Nora took the box. The address was not in Eric's handwriting. She cut the string, and took out an elaborate arrangement in pulsted silk and lace paper, with a pretty turquoise brooch. Nora turned the valentine round, and discovered the initials "E. O" in a corner.

Immediately, with an air of indifference, she tore the delicately-made thing in two, then in four, and threw the pieces into the fire. The reverend Mother looked on, but said nothing, and only smiled as she told Nora she might go. The brooch Nora gave to one of the day girls.

The next summer Mrs. Montmorris spent at L. Havre; and to Nora's disgust, Mr. Offord joined them there. But he was so quiet, so kind, so patient with the little ill-usage of temper in which she still indulged sometimes, that her heart softened towards him. And when she went back to school, for the last term, she felt that if only she had been quite sure that he was not thinking of making love to her, she would have been more sorry to part with him than with anyone else.

The autumn days went by, and the time came for Nora to leave Ballyfergus for good. These two years had changed her from an affectionate, but wilful and passionate child into a warm-hearted, generous-natured woman. The old traits, the old impulses, were still there; but they were no longer the girl's masters, as they had been in the past.

It was arranged that Nora should travel to L. Havre in company with two of the Sisters and several of the pupils who had the same journey to take, and that the Sister should join her all by afternoon train for the Grange.

The good-byes were said; and it was not without a feeling of regret that Nora looked around to the rooms, the garden, the chapel, around which a thousand memories had already begun to cluster. London was reached in safety; and at half-past two the same day one of the Sisters saw Nora safely off from King's Cross, to begin the last stage of her journey.

It was bitterly cold, and Nora had not felt thoroughly warm since she left the convent. The snow was falling as the train slowly wound out of the great black terminus, and when the open country was reached, she saw that it was lying thickly on every field and fallow. A white frost mist hung over the trees; the hedges seemed like solid walls of snow.

The afternoon faded into evening, and Nora was still a long way from her destination. The train seemed to be going very slowly; at last it stopped altogether.

Nora was alone in her compartment. She lowered one of the windows and looked out. A high embankment, covered deep with snow, and crowned by melancholy snow-laden firs, met her gaze. The passengers were putting their heads out of windows, some of them clambering out of the carriages.

"We've stuck!" she heard one man say to his companion; "and how long we may have to stick here goodness knows."

Nora shivered, pulled up the window, and abandoned herself to the inevitable.

After a time she saw a head at the window. It was the guard come to tell her that a snow plough had been telegraphed for, but that it would be two or three hours before the train could proceed on its way, and that some of the passengers were walking over to a little roadside station about a mile and a half farther on. But Nora thought she had better stay where she was. She had a nervous dread of being left behind, and she did not care to go alone among a crowd of strangers.

When half-an-hour had passed, however, she began to wish she had gone. She was dreadfully hungry, as well as very cold; and at last she resolved upon walking to the station by herself. She had only to follow the track made by the other passengers in the snow, and once at the station-house, she would find a fire to warm herself at, and possibly something to eat.

With some difficulty she climbed down to the ground. The snow had been deep, but it was well trodden down; the carriages seemed to be deserted. The track led Nora up an embankment, and through the fir trees. It was still light enough for her to see the path, and so far she got on very well. But when she left the wood, she found two tracks in the snow, one going to the right, and the other to the left. Supposing that some of the passengers had chosen one route, and some another, she plunged into the one to her left. After a time she noticed to her dismay that the track had become much narrower. Was she on the right track after all? Would it be better to go back, or to struggle on? She decided to go on.

Every minute it grew darker, and the track grew narrower and narrower. At last there were no more footsteps to be seen and the snow so deep that she could scarcely walk at all. Evidently her predecessors had found themselves on a wrong path, and had gone back. She must do so too, and the sooner the better.

At a stile, however, which had to be crossed, the footsteps became very confused, and Nora took the wrong turning. She struggled bravely for a time, and then sank on the ground utterly exhausted. Raising herself on her knees, she called out as loud as she could, but no answer came to her. The stillness was terrible.

It was quite dark, but for the reflection caused by the snow. Nora felt that it was useless to struggle any longer. There were no footmarks but her own near her; she might be going farther and farther away from help. But something told her that to sit still was death.

She rose to her feet, and plunged again into the snow. After a few minutes' struggling, she was forced to stop; and once more she uttered a loud cry of distress.

A shout answered her—a shout that seemed to come from a long, long way off. Nora almost screamed with anxiety and delight, and sank down on the snow, for her limbs would carry her no farther. At intervals she heard the shout again, and she called out to guide her rescuer. Then she saw a burly black form approaching her through the darkness.

"Nora!"

"Eric!"

"How did you come here?"

"I lost my way, trying to get to the station. Were you in the train?"

"Of course I was. I am going to The Grange to spend Christmas. And you are coming home, too?"

Nora gave a nod; it seemed too much of an effort to say anything more.

"We must try to get to the station-house," said Eric. "I can't imagine how you wandered so far out of your way. Wasn't it lucky that I heard you! I was going back to the train for my pipe, when I heard somebody shouting 'help!' Little I thought it was you. Take my arm, Nora, and lean on me as much as you can."

The station was reached at last, and a corner was found for the exhausted girl beside the waiting-room fire. A cup of tea from the station-master's cottage helped to revive her, and before long a train sent back from the nearest town came up, and they were able to proceed on their journey. Nora did not mind the cold or the fatigue, now that she had Eric to take care of her. It was only a pleasant adventure now, and she was able to take a sort of pride in the fact that it was nearly midnight before they arrived at The Grange.

* * * * * *

The next few days were the happiest Nora had ever known.

There was a deal of Christmas gaiety, and of course the two cousins were generally invited to the same houses. At some of the parties—at most of them, indeed—Mr. Offord was one of the guests; and if Nora did not notice that his attentions to her were more marked than ever, Eric Stanmore was not slow to observe the fact.

"Mr. Offord seems to claim a good many dances from you, Nora," he said to her one evening.

"Oh, I don't know—not more that you do," said Nora.

"Did he send you a valentine this year?" asked Eric, suddenly.

"Yes, he did," she answered, with a blush. "How did you know?"

"I happened to come upon him one day in London gazing into a shop window. I sent you one, too," he added in a lower tone.

"Did you? I never got it!"

"I know," said Eric; and Nora understood that her father had declined to allow the valentine to be sent on to her.

"You know that you burnt the first one I sent you," said Eric with a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"When? How?"

"When I sent one to Miss Lyulph I enclosed one for you."

"Oh!"

"But I really believe I was in love with Ida at that epoch. What fools men are sometimes! She was married that very season to Colonel Atkinson. But here is Mr. Offord." And Eric turned away with a look of strong disgust on his face.

"My dance, I believe, Miss Nora," said the little man; and Nora was obliged to acknowledge that he was right.

The happy time came to an end. Eric went back to Oxford soon after the beginning of January. The cousins had just one moment together on the morning of his departure.

"Good-bye, Nora. You will come to Oxford at Easter, won't you?"

"If Lady Chadwick asks me."

Then there was a pause.

"I was saying something to your father, Nora, about that valentine, you know," said Eric, speaking very fast; "and he says that if I get a Fellowship he will think—"

"Eric, if you do not set off at once, you will miss the train!" cried Mr. Montmorris, opening the door at that moment.

Not another word beyond "Good-bye" could be said.

On the 7th of February Mr. Offord called at The Grange, and somehow Nora found herself alone with him in the drawing-room. And then came some words from him which Nora knew meant an offer of marriage; but she felt as if she were in a dream, and could not afterwards remember exactly what had been said to her.

"Oh, no! No, thank you, Mr. Offord. I couldn't marry you," she said, half crying.

"I don't expect an answer now," he said, gently. "All I ask is the right to pay my court to you."

"But it isn't of any use," said Nora, bluntly.

"Perhaps you will give the subject a few days' consideration," said Mr. Offord; and then he took his leave.

Mr. Montmorris thought it to be his duty to press his daughter very strongly to accept this proposal of marriage. He felt that Edwin Offord would make his daughter an admirable husband; and he insisted that Nora should think over the matter for a week.

The week ended with St. Valentine's Day. That morning at breakfast two packets lay beside Nora's plate.

One of them she scarcely noticed; the other was addressed in Eric's handwriting. Inside was a true old-fashioned valentine, a tiny gold chain, and a note.

"You can guess, my darling—may I call you a darling?—the question which your father said I might put to you if I gained a Fellowship. I have got one, Nora! I only heard of it an hour ago. So now I may ask you. Can you love me, dearest? Will you be my own little wife? I have not got your father's consent yet, but I may fairly hope for it now. All I want, all I long for, is yours."

And when Mr. Montmorris found that Nora really preferred to share the lot of a briefless barrister rather than that of a wealthy man like Edwin Offord, he thought his daughter a very wilful, foolish girl, and said she might live to repent her choice; but he did not withhold his consent. And Nora has never regretted that she was faithful to her girlish love.

Sweet Marjoram.

BY DARLEY DALE.

AUTUMN was early that year, the beeches and elms put on their golden crowns at the end of August; the air was chill, and filled with the autumnal spirit. It was a wet season, and the corn lay about in the fields till it seemed a new meaning might be read into the text "seedtime and harvest shall not cease," for the patient farmers feared harvest would never be over.

The tall spikes of purple loose strife and

By the side of a reedy meadow, where the handsome magenta flowers of the rose-bay threw a rosy tint over the pale glaucous leaves of the rushes, and made the pink feathery tufts of hemp agrimony look dingy and faded and wasted out—by the side of these walked a man and a girl.

He was young and dark and handsome. She was tall and slight and fair; not beautiful, but very sweet-looking and graceful in all her movements.

They had just met, not for the first time, and unless some cruel fate intervened to prevent them, not for the last.

They walked slowly past the overgrown hedges, where the traveller's joy spread its white feathery blossoms in beautiful confusion, and the wild briony twined its brilliant leaves and berries among the bushes, and the sweet majoram shed its aromatic perfume far and wide; but they heeded not the autumnal tints and late wildflowers; they were absorbed in each other.

"I came to look for some sweet majoram," said he, as she paused to gather a piece.

"Why don't you gather some, then? There is plenty," laughed she.

"I wish I could, Sweet Marjery, will you be gathered?" And he caught hold of her hand which held the fragrant flower.

And only a sedate old turtus and a perky little chaffinch, who were in the bush they stood by, and some swallows who soared overhead, saw what happened next. The thrush kept his own counsel, and the swallows soon went south, taking the secret with them, and the chaffinch never told anyone but his mate.

Presently the girl smoothed her pretty golden hair, and bent her head to adjust her hat, showing her admiring lover the pretty turn of her neck and the broad streak of gold like a sunbeam in her upturned hair, and then she turned to him, and said—

"I feel very selfish to be so happy, the very day Malcolm is sailing."

Malcolm was her twin-brother, and if report said true, rather a scapegrace; but to hint as much to Marjery, who loved him, would have been to forfeit her esteem for ever.

"How devoted you are to Malcolm!" said Edward Grey, jealously.

"Yes, I am; he is my twin brother, you know. I believe I could die for Malcolm," said the girl, frankly, her sweet face kindling with devotion to this brother.

"And what could you do for me?" said he, eagerly.

"Oh, I'll live for you, my lover," she whispered shyly.

And he was satisfied.

Then the shadows lengthened, the day waned, the lovers parted; he went to his solitary lodgings, she to her still more solitary home; for the so called loneliness of living alone is less than the loneliness of living with uncongenial companions.

Marjery and Malcolm Buchanan were orphans, and had lived with an uncle and aunt since their eighth year. This couple were childless, and neither liked nor understood children; they brought the twins up very strictly, ruling them by fear, not by love. This method, while it did no harm to Marjery, who was by nature sweet and gentle, obedient and easy to rule, was ruin to Malcolm, who, though easy to lead, was hard to drive, and but for Marjery's sake he would long ago have broken loose and run away.

Mr. Buchanan was a lawyer, and though Malcolm hated the law, his uncle insisted on his following the same profession; the boy refused, and, whether wilfully or no, failed to pass his preliminary examination, whereupon Mr. Buchanan sent him out to Manitoba to learn sheep farming, and he was to sail the same evening Marjery and Edward Grey became engaged.

Malcolm raised no objection to going to Manitoba; he was nearly of age, and he came in to two hundred a year on his twenty-first birthday; then he meant to be an artist; meanwhile he had no objection to seeing a little of the world. What he did object was, his uncle refused to advance him any money, but sent him out with about ten pounds in his pocket when he reached his destination.

In vain Malcolm stormed and vowed he would have more; in vain Marjery begged her uncle to yield. Mr. Buchanan was obdurate. Malcolm would be boarded and lodged by the farmer to whom he was going; he took out plenty of clothes; he would only squander more money if he had it, so he should go without it.

Marjery offered Malcolm her little savings, but he refused to take them, telling her not to fear, he would be even with the old screw yet; and in this frame of mind he left his home.

When Marjery entered the house that evening, having left Dr. Grey with the intention of meeting him by the same meadow the next day, she was called into the dining room by her aunt, in a tone which boded no good to her.

"I hope they are not going to bully me now Malcolm is gone; if they do I shall tell Edward," thought the girl, as she entered the room.

Mr. Buchanan was standing with his back to the fire-place, his coat-tails under his arm; he was short and stout, with a thick neck, a bullet-head, and red face; his red face was redder than ever, and his whole manner betokened violent anger.

Mrs. Buchanan, a little, prim, thin woman, with a sharp pointed nose and a hard mouth, which contained a still harder tongue was sitting by her dinner-table, working; in front of her stood an empty cash box.

"Look here, Miss Marjery, look at your beautiful brother's fine doings, the young thief!"

"Uncle Tom," interrupted Marjery, "Malcolm is no thief."

"Hold your tongue, Miss, and listen to what I have to say," put in Mrs. Buchanan.

"How dare you contradict me? There was fifteen pounds in my cash-box last night; when I opened it just now it was empty. Who else but that young thief—thief, I say!—could have taken it? And the angry lawyer roared out the word

'thief" at the top of his voice.

"I am sure Malcolm didn't," said Marjery, gently.

"I say he did; but if either of you think he is going to get off unpunished, you are mistaken. I mean to prosecute him. If the ship has sailed before my message reaches Liverpool, he will be arrested on landing at New York, and he will get six months hard labor for this job!"

"Uncle Tom, you would not be so cruel! Arrest Malcolm! You could not do it," cried Marjery, clasping her hands in agony, and turning her pale face, with the tears streaming down it, up to her angry uncle.

"I shall do it," stormed Mr. Buchanan.

"But Malcolm is innocent; I know he is innocent; pleaded Marjery.

"How do you know it?" demanded the lawyer.

"Did you do it yourself?" sneered his wife.

Marjery did not answer. She threw up her small head haughtily; and then a sudden thought came to her, and she smiled a smile which her uncle thought sweet and her aunt pronounced insolent.

"You did it, I see by your face. You can't deny it," said Mrs. Buchanan angrily.

Again Marjery smiled; and this time Mr. Buchanan thought there was triumph in the smile.

"Don't be absurd, wife. Marjery is as honest as you and I," said Mr. Buchanan, shortly.

"Why doesn't she deny the charge then? Because she cannot," said Mrs. Buchanan.

"I shall not attempt to," said Marjery.

"Then go to your room and stay there until you confess your wickedness," said Mrs. Buchanan.

"Answer one way or the other, Marjery. Deny the accusation at once, if you have really robbed me for that scamp's sake, confess it and I will forgive you," said Mr. Buchanan, more kindly than he had yet spoken.

"I cannot," cried Marjery.

"Will not, you mean. Marjery, I insist on an answer; tell me at once did you do it? Yes, or no?" said her uncle.

"I will not say," said Marjery.

"Then go to your own room, as your aunt says, until you choose to answer," said Mr. Buchanan, losing patience with his niece's obstinacy.

And Marjery, with that strange smile on her face, went.

* * * * *

The next evening Edward Grey wandered alone by their trysting place; no Marjery appeared. He waited till the twilight was deepening into night, and then he went home, disappointed but not alarmed. He knew she was not her own mistress; perhaps she had been hindered. But the next evening and the next Marjery failed to keep her tryst, and now he began to be a prey to lovers' fears; she could not be ill or he would have been sent for, as he attended the house. Was she repenting her engagement? If so, why didn't she write and tell him so? Why keep him in suspense when she might so easily send him a line?

At last by the end of the week, he could bear it no longer, so he called at the house

Mrs Buchanan was at home and received him, but no Marjery appeared, and no mention was made of her, till at last Dr. Grey summoned up courage to ask if she were at home.

"Yes, she is at home," was the reply, briefly and unsparingly given.

"She is not ill, I trust?"

"No, she is quite well, thank you."

This was said with a tremendous sigh, and in a tone implying it was more than Marjery deserved to be.

"May I see her?" he asked, pleadingly.

"I regret to say my niece can see no one," for some time to come—for months perhaps; for if I have my way she shall be punished after she has confessed her sin."

"See no one for months! Why, what has she done to be treated so severely?" asked Dr. Grey.

"That I cannot tell you."

"But I have the right to know. Miss Buchanan has promised to be my wife, subject to her guardian's consent; and as I am in a position to marry, I see no reason why that should be withheld."

"Marjery engaged to you!" interrupted Mrs. Buchanan.

"Only since Monday evening. We had no intention of keeping it a secret. I am surprised she has not told you," said Dr. Grey.

"You will be still more surprised when you hear we fear she has broken open her uncle's cash box, and robbed him of fifteen pounds."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the young doctor, springing to his feet.

"She has virtually confessed it, for silence gives consent, and she will not deny it," said Mrs. Buchanan, coldly.

He sat down again and buried his face in his hands, without speaking. Presently he looked up, and, in an altered voice, and with a face ashen grey with suppressed emotion, he said—

"I must see her, and hear the truth from her own lips."

And something in his voice and manner forced Mrs. Buchanan to yield and send for Marjery. Perhaps she wished to hear the truth as well herself.

Presently the door opened, and Marjery walked in, pale and grave, but with a look of proud endurance on her face her lover had not thought her capable of. That she was suffering intensely was plain enough; but there was no sign of shame or penitence on that pale sweet countenance.

"Marjery, my sweet Marjery, what is this I hear?" said Dr. Grey, going forward with outstretched hands to greet her.

She did not advance to meet him, nor put out her own clasped hands; but with bent head she said firmly, but in an unnatural voice, which sounded afar off—

"I am in disgrace with my uncle. You cannot marry me now; I release you from our engagement."

Then there was silence. Edward Grey was puzzled. If she were guilty, sweet as she was, and much as he loved her, he would hesitate to marry her; but in spite of her conduct he did not believe it possible she could have done such a thing; he guessed she was screening Malcolm.

"Marjery," he said at last, "I do not believe it at any rate I will take the risk."

"No," said Marjery, proudly, raising her drooping head and looking him full in the face, "I love you to well too let you marry me while I am under a cloud."

"Be it so then," said the young doctor, abruptly, and after a short pause, and without another word he left the house.

The next week Marjery was told by her aunt Dr. Grey had left the place, and another doctor bought the practice.

From that day Marjery's health began to fail. Till then she had borne her virtual imprisonment in her own room, which she never left except for meals and to go to church on Sundays, very well; she preferred it to her aunt's society. If only she had been allowed to go out-of-doors, the punishment would not have been severe; but her uncle had, in the hope of making her deny the charge, or if she were guilty confess it, made her punishment as severe as he could; the sharper it was the shorter it need last, he considered; and her obstinate refusal to answer provoked him greatly.

On one point he differed from his wife: he wished to release his niece at the end of a week, but Mrs. Buchanan would not hear of it; her punishment was light enough for such obstinacy if it lasted three months, she maintained, and being a henpecked husband, he yielded, always hoping Marjery would answer.

A week after Dr. Grey left, the change in Marjery was so marked that Mr. Buchanan was alarmed, and insisted on her going out with her aunt every day, either walking or driving for air or exercise. But the color did not return to her cheeks; her eyes looked as if they were wide awake, as indeed they were a greater part of the night, and her appetite was so bad that they had almost to force her to eat.

At the end of a fortnight the new doctor was sent for. He shook his head; he could do nothing; the girl had something on her mind, and unless she had it removed he would not answer for the consequences. This visit resulted in Mr. Buchanan formally forgiving his niece, and saying he wished the matter to be forgotten, since he was certain the girl was innocent; but Marjery was now too ill to leave her room except for an hour or two every day, and every day that time grew shorter, and before Dr Grey had been gone a month Marjery had taken to her bed, from which the new doctor said it was more than doubtful if she would ever rise again.

"She has some secret trouble, and she is not strong enough to bear it; she has not the physical strength to support it, and all the drugs I can get her won't give it her."

It seemed to be a kind of atrophy from which Marjery was suffering. She had no pain, but she had no wish to live, and day by day she grew weaker and weaker, till it was evident to all around her the end was not far off.

Then there came a day when Mrs. Buchanan was called from her niece's bedside to see a visitor, which, to do her justice, she seldom left for now that Mary lay dying her aunt did all she could to atone for her past harshness, and on going downstairs she found Dr. Grey in the drawing room.

"Mrs. Buchanan, I must see Marjery, as I know she is innocent. I have seen Malcolm; I went to Manitoba on purpose. He took the money, and has entrusted me to refund it; he considered it his due. Where is she?"

"Upstairs, dying; there is no hope."

"Dying! God in mercy forbid it. Take me to her."

Upstairs they went, and Dr. Grey stood by the bedside of the apparently dying girl; she was shrunk almost to a skeleton, and the only scrap of color about her was in her blue eyes and her lovely golden hair, which lay in a mass on the pillow.

"Marjery, my sweet Marjery, I knew it before I went away. I know it all now, for I have been to Manitoba and seen Malcolm. He took the money and has repaid it."

"Dear Malcolm! Now I shall die happy," said Marjery, a faint tinge of pink coming into her pale cheeks as she laid one of her delicate little hands in Dr. Grey's.

"You must not die, Marjery; I cannot spare you," said the young doctor in a broken voice.

"Yes, I think I shall. Do you remember I told you I would die for Malcolm?" she said with a faint smile.

"I do, but I remember you also said you would live for me."

"So I did—I—I should like to keep my promise," said Marjery, with a faint smile.

This was music to the doctor's ears, for he knew the wish to live was a good sign. For some days Marjery lay at death's door, but the wish to live grew stronger every day, and with the wish the will, and with the will the power, till there came a day when she was pronounced out of danger, and a month after Dr. Grey's return they and once more by the ready meadow, now carpeted with fallen leaves, and no longer a blaze of color, for the loose-strife was dead and the pink petals of the rose-bay had fallen; the meadow, too, had had its sorrows, for every blade and leaf and petal has its story like the rest of us.

The sweet marjoram was dead, but the girl had survived her suffering, and was daily regaining health and strength.

"We are wiser than when we last walked here, my Marjery—at least I am, for you have taught me what true love is," said he.

"But I am not sure that I know. What is it?" said Marjery.

"Self-sacrifice."

"Yes, it is hard to learn, but nevertheless it is true. Love is self sacrifice.

It is not poetry; it is not sentiment; it is not a dream; it is not romance; it is not passion; it is not selfishness; it is not softness; nor sweetness, nor weakness.

Love is none of these, love is strong and noble and true; love is a reality, stern and capable of enduring; in a word, love is self-sacrifice.

A VERY OLD CHORUS.—Some of the old songs and ballads used to have what was called a "derry down" chorus. To show you what kind of chorus this was, I will quote the first verse of the fine old English ballad of "The Three Ravens:"

"There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a down, hey down, hey down.
They were as black as they might be,
With a down.

And one of them said unto his mate,
'Where shall we our breakfast take?'
With a down, derry, derry, down."

How many of the people who have sung it, I wonder, know how ancient that jingle is? It is said to go as far back not only as the times of the Heptarchy—as those seven kingdoms established by the Saxons in England are styled—but to the very days of the Druids, who used it as a chorus to the hymns which they chanted when they went to the woods to gather mistletoe.

THE PATRON SAINT OF BOYS.—Perhaps boys don't know it, but they have a patron saint, whose name is Nicholas. In Christian art St. Nicholas is sometimes represented as accompanied by three boys. Thereby hangs a gruesome story. Three boys living in Asia were sent by their father to school at Athens. They were under the blessing of St. Nicholas. The lads stopped at Myra for the night, and the inn keeper slew them in their beds, and put their bodies into a tub of pickled pork. St. Nicholas saw the tragedy in a vision, went to the inn, and heard the murderer's confession of his crime. Then the saint raised the dead boys to life again. So runs the legend. On the Sixth of December, which is St. Nicholas' Day, a pleasant custom is observed in many parts of Germany. The children having been gathered together, sweetmeats and gilded nuts are distributed amongst them. But if there is a naughty child present, he receives none of the nice things, but is awarded some kind of punishment instead.

THE "MIRACLE GUN."—The new French repeating rifle which is known as the "miracle gun" is much lighter than any of army rifles now in use. It resembles the magazine gun in that a steel cartridge about a span and a half long and as thick as a man's thumb is attached to the one barrel by means of a screw. This cartridge contains 300 shots, which can be discharged as rapidly or slowly as a man desires. Since neither powder or any other explosive, but only compressed and liquefied air, supplies the expelling force, no smoke and no flash accompany the discharge. Only a short, sharp, low report is heard as the ball leaves the cartridge. At the recent trial the ball travelled with wonderful accuracy and penetrated deep into the wall of the shooting room. As soon as one cartridge is emptied of its 300 shots, another cartridge can be screwed on the gun in the twinkling of an eye. The 300 shots in a cartridge can be produced at a cost of about two and a half cents. The gun itself can be manufactured for about $5.

WHY HE MARRIED HER.—The following anecdote is told of Lord Lawrence. He was sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate, with his sister and others of the family; all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's up stairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and, to ring up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in, "Well, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get along for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

FAULT FINDING.—Fault finding is one of the ways in which men seek to appear wiser than they are. It seems to invest them with a degree of authority in the eyes of those who do not realize that it is one of the easiest of all things to find fault. To expose errors, to foretell difficulties, to criticize methods, to make objections, may all be done volubly by persons who have no power to originate better ways or to overcome the obstacles which they spread forth, and who are in every way inferior to those whom they criticize or contradict or interrogate.

Many an old flame has caused a runaway match.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Out in Chicago some of the hotels provide with razors those of their guests who prefer to shave themselves. Every morning a number of razors are sent to the office from the hotel barber shop. A tag containing the number of a room is put on each and then they are sent to the guests who ordered them. In the evening the razors are collected and returned to the shop. The next morning a new lot are sent to the rooms. By this means the guest always has a sharp razor. It costs a mere trifle and saves a heap of trouble.

The rapidity with which the country has been paying its public debt during the last ten years has excited the admiration of the world. To-day we are paying as interest upon our debt $35 000 000. In contrast with this France pays annually in interest $258 000 000; Great Britain $130,000 000; Austro-Hungary $126 000 000; Italy, $100 000 000; Russia 220 000 000 and Spain $56 000 000. Prussia alone of the German States pays $14 000 000 and Canada, with but one-twelfth of the population of this country, pays nearly one half as much annually in interest, or $10,000 000.

Emperor William has developed a mania for new uniforms and costumes. He has established a new body guard for the Empress, who are to do sentry duty before her apartments at the palace and are to serve as her escort at reviews and state functions. For palace duty the uniform consists of a white Brandenburg coat with cherry-colored facings and huge shoulder knots in black, white and silver; a white waistcoat coming down low, white trousers, and "jack" boots. There is also a black velvet three-cornered hat, with cockade and feather in the Prussian colors. The escort uniforms is much the same, except that the hat is replaced by a helmet of polished steel crested with a golden eagle.

One of the managers of a big Eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoe-strings of a working girl will come untied on the average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about fifty seconds every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the girls have two feet, so this entails a loss of 100 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in this factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 43 800,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth $833-17½. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or Congress gaiters under penalty of discharge.

Royalties nowadays compete with the commonality without hesitation. Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales take annual prizes for cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses at the Royal Agricultural Show. The Empress Frederick, the Princess Louise, and the Princess Beatrice have all exhibited pictures and specimens of plastic art. The King of Holland recently took a prize for the best beer from Brasseries Royale in the latest Paris Exposition. The Duc de Montpensier took the prize for Seville oranges and wheat grown on his own estates near Bologna. Prince Galitzine acquired the same dignity for champagne, Medoc, and Burgundy, from his Crimean vineyards. The Duke d'Aumale received a prize for his Sicilian wines. Trade and commerce may yet find royal expositors.

There was killed in Petersburg recently a dog which, while it could boast no proud pedigree and did not even know its owner, was known to most of the people because of the great fondness it evinced for music. Whenever a drum was heard to beat or a band play that dog was sure to go, and he would always precede the music and show his delight at the strains he heard. He accompanied funerals to the cemetery when the line was headed by a band or a drum corps; attended the parades of the military was apparently intensely rejoiced when ever a minstrel troupe marched through the streets; would romp and jump with canine delight when the bands were sent out to gather the sovereigns to politics meetings—showing no discrimination as between Democratic or Republican music and would always head out as long as the musicians would play. He was caught under one of the trains at the lower station and so injured that he had to be killed.

A California trait-raiser tells of a shrewd trick by which an says Chinese laborers get around the Exclusion Act. "This Chinese fellow man said he was going home to see his family, when he was told that he could not get back again, as only merchants were admitted to the country. Charley laughed and answered that it would be very easy to return; his friends had done it before, and he knew a sure way of beating the Exclusion act. Finally, when pressed very hard regarding his plan, the Celestial stated that he would not take all his money to China with him. He would buy his ticket through a certain Chinese firm, and a small portion of his money he would allow to remain with the firm, presenting an interest in the business until he came back from the country. Then to Chinese and white evidence he would be able to prove that he was a merchant. He would return to that soon as he received [illegible] would sell his interest [illegible] and resume his work [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

SAVING THE EXPRESS.

BY R. W.

FIVE MINUTES to nine at Euston, and the warning bell is ringing; porters are hurrying in the luggage, guards are urging the passengers to take their places, the late passengers rush in breathless, and there is a continuous hum and bustle as the Irish Nine o'clock Express is preparing to take its departure.

"Good-bye, dear papa!" a little voice is saying. "I am so sorry you are going."

"Why, my boy, I'll be back in three days," responded Mr. Manning cheerfully.

"Ah! three days is such a long time to be without you," sighed the child. "Papa," he suddenly asked with animation, "will you see David?"

"Oh dear no; David is in Wales picking buttercups and daisies and looking after your uncle's sheep; a real David now!"

"Oh, what fun!" laughed the child as the recollection of David came over him. "I wonder if he is a man yet?"

"Take your seat, sir," comes from the guard.

"Good-bye, Herbert; God bless you!"

"Good-bye papa. We shall watch for you on Thursday."

A sharp shrill whistle is sounded, carriage doors are locked, a green flag is waved; "Right away!" calls the conductor, and the train steams out of the station amidst a pelting downpour, which had been going on almost without cessation for the past three days, causing such floods through the country as had not been known for many a year.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the child doleefully; "I do hope the rain won't come in at the windows and wash papa away. Do you think it will, Hanna?"

"Not it, Master Herbert," said Nurse; "your father's safe enough, you may be sure." Then to divert the child's attention, she added, "Who was the David you were asking about?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?" he exclaimed the color coming to his cheeks, and a smile lighting up his face. "Well, David was a boy papa found one cold night on the doorstep fast asleep. His father had beaten him dreadfully, till at last he ran away. Papa gave him some work, and the boy was so happy and grateful but he was very funny. He was always saying, 'I mean to be a man some day.' He used to clean boots and shoes, and do housework.

"One day he was bringing me home. It was terribly wet, and he took off his coat, wrapped it round me, and carried me. I was quite dry, but he was wet through, and got so hot carrying me that he caught a bad cold, and was quite ill. Then papa sent him away to uncle's in Wales, and he's been there for two or three weeks, and is now getting strong again."

* * * * * *

It had rained hard in the city it had poured without ceasing in the country; the tiny rivulets became torrents, that dashed with fury down the mountain sides, every hour adding to their force and swiftness.

In a little hut on the side of the railway line four boys had taken refuge from the pelting rain.

"Now, David," cried one of the lads "you mean to be a man some day; let's see you stand on the side of the line whilst the express comes past. It will be here in about half an hour."

"No I," said David stoutly; "I dare not do that. I tried it one day, and it made me quite giddy; be idle where's the use of it?"

"Ah, David! you're just frightened, and haven't got a bit of real pluck in you."

And his three companions teased David, who bore their laughter quietly enough, and when they rushed out a few minutes later to take their places on the line, told them he preferred a dry skin to a wet one.

"David! David!"

The three boys are back again now, their faces white with terror. "Part of the bridge has been washed away, and the express will pass in a quarter of an hour."

"Washed away?"

"Yes, clean gone; and if the express can't be stopped it must be dashed into the current."

The boys' hearts stood still.

"Quick!" cried David; "how long will it take us to run to the station?"

"More than half an hour; it's three miles."

"Can we get a horse?"

"There's none nearer than Farmer Jones' six miles away."

"Then you, Harry, run along the road, and if you meet anyone in time, try to get [illegible] to stop the train across it. You [illegible] take your time and dry and warm the signal man. Dick and I will stay here, and if everything fails, we must be men, and stop the train somehow."

For already a plan was taking shape in his mind, in case the worst should happen.

* * * * * *

"Well, I never did see such a pelt," said Dixon, the engineer of the express.

"Nor I," said the fireman. "Wonder if all the bridges are safe? There's been a powerful lot of rain come down from the hills."

"Guess they are,"

The train was tearing through North Wales at the rate of a mile a minute.

"Look!" said the engineer a little later, "what's that?"

"There's a rascally boy on the line," replied the fireman. "Whistle him off."

The engineer blew the whistle. The boy waited until the train was coming nearer, waving his handkerchief with all his might, then sprang to the side pointing further on.

"That's curious," said the engineer. "What does it mean, Bill?"

"Rascal having a game. Why, there's another, on in front."

"What's to be done?"

"Whistle."

The whistle sounded its shrill note of warning.

The boy waved his handkerchief, but remained motionless.

Again the whistle's piercing voice rent the air,

"Why, good heavens! he's lying down across the rails; he'll be cut to pieces!"

"The brake, quick!"

It seemed hopeless, but they turned on the brake with all their might.

Less than two hundred yards lay between the boy and the flying train, now answering slowly to the brake.

Was it possible to save this boy's life?

Nearer, nearer, ever nearer. It seemed a vain chance.

The continuous whistle had brought many faces to windows, and horror was depicted on each as they saw the terrible sight. Moments passed like hours, for the train seemed hardly to be slackening, and the distance was so terribly short.

"Was the boy mad?"

"What had possessed him?"

He was alive, but he stirred not.

Fifty, twenty, ten yards only lay between the bay and death!

A cry of of relief goes up as the train is brought to a standstill within five yards of the prostrate youth.

The first one who jumps from the train is Mr. Manning. "Boy!" he exclaimed, "what do you mean by this madness?"

Slowly raising himself as one dazed, he points to the bridge a few yards ahead. "Broken!" he ejaculates.

"David!"

"I mean to be a man," he says dreamily, then he fell heavily to the ground, overcome by the intense strain and excitement. The passengers gathered round the boy. "He has saved the express!" is the cry, and many a man, woman, and child blessed him that day for his heroic act.

* * * * * *

Amongst the passengers who returned to the city that evening were Mr. Manning and David; and when little Herbert awoke next morning his heart was gladdened by the sight of his father, and he listened wonderingly to the story of David's bravery. "I think he is a man already, papa," he said softly; "and when I get big and write a book, I'll tell about what Davis has done."

HORRORS OF POMPEII.—But among all the beauties there are many horrors in Pompeii that leave lasting impressions. There are casts taken from the moulds of ashes that encased the victims of the great catastrophe, showing their writhings and agonies as plainly as though they had just died. There are signs of the daily life that was being lived when the ashes began to fall; occupation half done and suspended in the awful moments when the danger became only to apparent. In the drinking saloons are the stained counters where, in one place, a soldier had drawn the plan of a battle with the dregs of his wine. In a baker's shop are the overdone loaves of bread bearing his stamp; his name was "Brimus."

A valuable lesson in the ways and means of that civilization which succumbed to the might of Vesuvius is to be drawn, said Dr. James Welling, in his lecture which is reported by the Washington *Star*, from the writings on the city walls, which formed the only means of communication between the citizens except by word of mouth. Some of these inscriptions are very funny and some of them bear the touches of pathos that is strong even at this distance of eighteen centuries.

Among the most frequent notices were those of the gladiatorial fights, a form of popular amusement that filled the amphitheatre at almost any time or season. Political placards abound, appeals to the people to vote for certain men, among them a candidate who was a champion tennis ball player, and his card was a strong call to all young men who played tennis ball to vote for the favorite. Love letters are also to be found, one of which Dr. Welling read. It was as follows, being from a young man to his fair one:—"Love dictates to me as I write and Cupid guides my pen. Ah! plague take me, if I should be without thee I should want to be a god." There are evidences of a tendency on the part of that people to be humorous and facetious. There are many examples of the popular form of lampooning and witty verses are frequent. A fellow who had been imprisoned and compelled to work on the treadmill had drawn the picture of such a mill on the wall propelled by a donkey, and underneath it these words:—"Work away, little donkey—I have worked in the same way and it will do you good."

WHAT JENNY READ.

BY EDITH OUTHELL.

JESSY WAS a very small person, and as she sat on a stool by the fire, with her feet on the fender, she looked still smaller. She held a newspaper in her hand, and was gazing at it.

Though Jessy could not read, the paper was telling her a story; for in one corner of the paper was a ship, and up at the top of one side was a bird, and there was a boy in a suit of new clothes, and a girl with a hat and coat with fur round it.

Jessy looked at the boy, and then she said—

"That is my cousin James, in his grand velvet suit that aunty bought at the tailor's. It is not much like James in the face, but it must be James, because the buttons are just like his, and he has long stockings and shoes that lace up. And the little girl has a coat like my new coat, so I shall call her Jessy, and she is saying to James—

"That ship will bring my papa home."

"How do you know?" said James.

"Because that bird that is flying up there has told me so. Birds go about telling secrets."

And Jessy put down the paper, and looked in the fire, and in the red embers she saw another picture, and in it there were fields and trees, and a boy sitting down with some sheep.

"Why, that is what papa wrote about in his last letter," said Jessy. "The newspaper and the fire are telling me a great deal to-night."

And Jessy held up the paper again, and this time she spoke to the bird.

"I daresay," she said, "that you have been flying about a great deal, and so you have seen the ship coming along over the water. My dear bird, I know that you are trying to tell me that you have seen my papa, and that he is quite well, and is coming home as fast as he can."

And Jessy nodded to the bird.

"Ah! bird, I am a very little girl, and I cannot read, but you see what a pretty story you have all been telling me. I have seen it all in the newspaper. Thank you, good newspaper for telling me about papa."

And Jessy saying "Thank you" very loud got up from the stool.

"Thank you for what, Jessy?" asked her mamma, who had just come into the room.

"Oh, mamma, I have read such nice things in the paper. You see, I cannot read, but the little pictures told me. I will tell you about it sometime."

"You can tell me whilst we have tea," said her mamma. "It is quite ready now."

"And I am ready," said Jessy. "I am quite tired with so much reading."

WHAT ARE WORN.—The betrothed wife of an estimable young man was recently visiting his mother, says a Boston paper. The members of both families were delighted. The chap's mother was dazzled by the beauty, the breeding and elegance of her prospective daughter in-law.

Strange to say, however, on the day after the young girl had begun her visits the mother called her son to her and spoke gravely to him about his promised bride. "Harry," said she, "Alice invited me into her room to-day, and oh, my son, she doesn't dress like a lady at all. I'm afraid, Harry, I really am."

Harry smothered his indignation and begged his mother to explain herself.

"Well, you see," said the latter, "instead of nice white linen, all her underwear is black silk. Every item is of that material, and when I spoke of it she showed me trunks full of clothes in every tint of silk imaginable and no linen at all. This was bad enough, Harry; but her garters had Jewelled clasps on them. Oh, my son, you never knew of a girl of real refinement to get herself up in that style. I feel certain that something that we do not know about in Alice's disposition will come out sooner or later."

In a great rage at his mother's imputation Harry left the house. When he returned he did not recur to the subject, and his mother refrained from broaching it again, though her whole manner indicated her fears concerning her son's fiancee. A week later, however, the girl eloped with an adventurer.

"I should always," says Harry's mother, "doubt a young lady who could not take pride in fine linen, and am positive that no modest girl ever wore a jewelled garter. Such a thing could not be the gift of her father or mother, and she would certainly not buy it herself."

CLOVER SEEKING and Lemon Parties are to be the fashionable amusement for young people the coming season. For the first entertainment, the couples pair off and adjourn to some neighboring park or meadows, where they hunt diligently for a four-leaved clover, which is a sign of future union and prosperity, and entitles the finder to kiss his fair companion.

For the Lemon party, each guest is expected to bring a lemon, and is received by the hostess in a room entirely decorated with the delicate golden hue, where a "Squeezing Committee" cuts each lemon in half, counts the pips, and puts them into a glass bowl. The company are then invited to guess how many seeds are collected, and the guesser nearest the number receives the prize of a lemonade bowl, while the one who is furthest from the mark—ignominiously called the booby—is presented with a pair of lemon-squeezers. Finally the lemons are made into punch, and refreshments are served flavored with lemon in some shape or other, the guests taking away a bundle of lemon roses, tied with satin bows of the same tint.

EMBRYO GENIUSES.—Young inventors have become about as numerous as poets of late. This is an aspiring age, and money figures very largely in the day dreams of our youth, says a contributor. So much has been said about the incomes of Edison and other great inventors that young persons of talent (?) no longer relieve their overburdened minds by drivelling verse, or reciting copious extracts from Shakespeare's "Hamlet" or "Richard III," but they have begun to peter along with electricity, or tinker with metals, or endeavor to penetrate the secret of perpetual motion, or to accomplish some other wild and altogether absurd and impossible thing. You have no idea how many embryo geniuses there are flitting about the streets, or wearily measuring cloth, or weighing butter for the modest stipend of from $4 to $8 per week. This is an improvement upon the superfluous sentimentality of the past, but I am afraid that young men are becoming as nauseatingly prosaic as they were sentimental.

PIE PRODUCES A NIGHTMARE.—From my end of the car down to the narrow aisle I see the conductor and porter struggling with a woman and trying to calm her, while men are starting out of their berths to lend a hand to the rescue. It is quite apparent that there are enough people around the woman to prevent the murder, and in that opinion the calm and indifferent man in the lower berth opposite unites with me so we await developments.

A few minutes later, when the uproar has subsided and the porter comes, making his way down to that misterious boudoir where he shines boots at fifty cents a pair, and meditates schemes of robbery and pillage upon innocent passengers, my cool neighbor across the way puts his head out between the curtains, and seizing the ebony official by the arm as he passes, asks him in a tired sort of a voice:

"Porter, who was killing that woman?"

"Nobody, sah. The lady has et pie for supper and has been having dreams."

UNDER TUITION.—An exhaustless supply of patience is the most important requisite in the training of the raw servant girl.

"There's a beau of yours in the drawing room," was the style in which a housemaid announced a caller to the eldest daughter of the house a few days ago.

Afterwards, her mistress said to Mary Ann, "When a person calls to see any member of the family, you should say, 'A gentleman to see you, ma'am, or sir.'"

Mary Ann acquiesced quietly, but the next day when a lady called to see her mistress, she came upstairs and said:

"Please 'm there's a gentleman to see you, but it's a lady."

The course of tuition is still going on.

LOSS.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

We have lost much; but may we keep
A heart to feel, an eye to weep!
May no dead weight of Winter snows
Freeze pity for another's woes!

We have lost much—lost joy and youth,
The confidence in all men's truth;
But may we keep—all Joy above—
Faith in the one Eternal Love!

We have lost much—hope that, like dew,
Each day deceitful gleamed anew;
Yet may this sweet hope never fail
Of dark made clear "behind the veil!"

We have lost much—the crown, the place
We fought for, beaten in the race;
Yet, if we closer clasp the Cross,
True gain shall issue from that loss!

We have lost much, and darker fall
The shadows—soon we must lose all!
Oh, may we through that coming night
Of Death pass on to Heav'ns own light!

BY CHEWING RICE.

Probably many people have heard of the Indian method of discovering a thief by the ordeal of chewing dried rice. We once saw it tried, and tried with success.

It happened more than forty years ago; but as the custom of employing this ordeal has almost disappeared with the advance of civilization and education in India, we may be allowed to tell what we remember of it.

Four of us were living together in Calcutta, 'chumming,' as it is called out there. We were young men under twenty five years of age, recently arrived out, with fair earnings or salaries, and good prospects in our several professions.

We lived in a fine three-storied house, in a large compound or garden, in the fashionable quarter of Calcutta. Amongst us we had a large retinue of servants—altogether about ten men apiece; so that the whole domestic establishment numbered some fifty persons.

One day there was an alarm that my friend George Caristian's gold watch was missing. Search for it was made in vain; and we reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that it had been stolen.

We held a domestic court of inquiry with the aid of the *moonshees* or native tutors who used to come to teach us the languages; but it was difficult to fix even a suspicion on any one.

From the arrangement of our rooms in the house it seemed probable that one of Caristian's own servants must have been the thief. But he indignantly repudiated this idea.

He said that his servants were the best in the house, and would never have robbed him, as he was so kind and liberal to them.

We may observe that all of us were very confident of the integrity of our own private servants, as is the custom with most young men in India, until they have gained experience.

We were almost jealous of one another as to which kept the best servants. We arrayed them in smart liveries, with silver bauges in their turbans and colored waistbelts.

My friend Caristian had one remarkably good-looking *khidmudgar* or table servant, named Abdul, whom he considered the show servant of our establishment, and he valued him accordingly.

As our domestic court of inquiry failed to detect the thief or to recover the property, one of our moonshees suggested that we should apply to the Calcutta police for the services of the native official who was then retained in the employ of the government for conducting the process of detecting thieves by the ordeal of rice chewing.

It must be remembered that the Calcutta police itself was at the lowest stage of efficiency.

It was feebly officered and badly manned. For the detection of thieves, especially in cases like ours, where domestics were suspected, they trusted to the services of a professor of magic.

The Pundit—as we shall call the professor—with two or three policemen escorting him, arrived at our house about eleven o'clock one morning.

All our servants had been warned of the impending ordeal, and the lodge-keeper had been ordered to allow no one to go outside the gates.

The Pundit was a tall and stout man, arrayed in muslin, and evidently possessed with a great idea of his own importance. According to his request, the servants were all seated in two rows on the ground in one of the long verandas of our house, and we took up our position so as to be able to superintend the operation. The Pundit's attendants then produced some pieces of green plantain leaf, and a small portion was placed in each man's hands, to serve as a plate, on to which he was to eject the dried rice after he had successfully chewed it.

The Pundit then went round with a bowl full of pounded rice, like flour, and with a wooden spoon poured a quantity of this rice flour into the open mouth of each servant. The order was given that each man was, within five minutes by the watch, to chew the rice flour and eject it, in a state of pulp, on to the plantain leaf before him.

Most of the men set to work with a will, though a few were rather frightened at first; but long before the five minutes had elapsed almost every man had got through the process, and held what may be called 'the evidence of his innocence' in his hands. But why are so many eyes turned towards one man, who sits back as if anxious to avoid observation? We also look, and there is Caristian's favorite *khidmudgar* Abdul, with his face almost convulsed, and trying in vain to get the rice flour out of his mouth. His lips are dry, and his glands refuse to produce the saliva which is needed to moisten the rice flour.

At last the Pundit's eyes glare at him, and pointing at him with his long bony finger, he says solemnly: 'There is the thief.' The victim quails and grovels on the floor before him; his handsome face becomes livid with terror; and at last he faintly appeals to his master for forgiveness, and promises that he will restore the watch.

All the other servants are now talking as fast as they can, delighted at their own deliverance, and full of reverence and dread for the Pundit. The convicted thief slowly rises, and requesting his master to follow him, goes to the well in the garden, and produces the gold watch from under a loose brick.

The Pundit and his men were duly presented with a handsome reward, and the members of our household returned to their ordinary duties. Not quite so perhaps; for although the thief was not given up to the police, to be tried and punished by a magistrate, he was brought before the domestic tribunal, at which his master was president, and sentenced to receive twenty strokes from a rattan.

The twenty strokes were presently administered by two of our most stalwart *syces*. After this, the culprit was readmitted into his master's favor, and became a much better servant than he had been before. Nor did his fellow-servants in the least object. They recognized the fact that he had expiated his guilt by the punishment that he had suffered, and they were not so uncharitable as to deny him a chance of regaining a good character.

Grains of Gold.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

We are surrounded, ambushed, by the robber troops of circumstances.

What we see exclusively we are apt to see with some mistake of proportions.

Folks who think too much of what's coming, most likely won't attend to what there is.

O blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits! Happy you who have escaped temptation!

When men are rightly occupied, then amusements grow out of their work, as color petals out of a fruitful flower.

Undue praise is the poison of human souls. He that would live healthily must learn to push along entirely without praise.

Silence is one of the hardest kinds of arguments to route. There is no good substitute for wisdom; but silence is the best that has been discovered.

"There is time enough for everything in the course of the year," says Lord Chesterfield, "if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year if you will do two things at a time."

The man who can command his appetite owes thereto length of days; and not length of days merely, not continuity of existence, but that which alone gives to continuity substantial value—namely, power to enjoy.

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck; and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or the tented field, it is ever the same fair play and admits of no foolish distinctions.

Femininities.

New York has five successful women dentists.

In Bengal there are 48 644 widows under ten years of age.

You can prove nothing to women; they believe only in the heart.

"Looking backward" should not be indulged in on the street by young women. It looks forward.

A London genius has invented a hot water apparatus to warm piano keys, so that dainty fingers may not be chilled.

Nothing irritates a married man so much as to find his wife between him and his desire, no matter how ephemeral it may be.

Brown: "You ought to have heard Miss Fencer talking to young Dolly. She just knocked him silly." Jones: "She didn't hit him very hard, then."

A broad bladed silver knife for cutting ice-cream is useful. The blade tapers into a point so as to cut more readily, and while it is very simple it is still very useful.

God made the rose out of what was left of woman at the creation. The great difference is, we feel the rose's thorns when we gather it; and the other's, when we have had it some time.

Said Juliana to Augustus: "Do you really think that a miss is as good as a mile?" "Yes, Miss Juliana, and a great deal better, for one can kiss a miss, but whoever heard of anyone kissing a mile?"

Simpson: "I fell in love with my wife fifteen years ago." Kennedy: "And you have been in love with her ever since?" "Well—er—not exactly. You see, we have been married nearly eight years."

Here is the biggest record of longevity yet. An Indian in Chili has convincing proof to show that he is 193 years old. His friends tell him he ought to make the score 200, but he refuses to do so until 1897.

The mourning costumes in different countries are very curious. In England a widow walks looking like a mountain of crape. In America she is less loss oppressive; in France she soon becomes coquettish.

He, at breakfast: "I shall never ask you again what you do with your pin money, my dear." She: "Why not, Henry?" He: "I have found out. I stepped on about 600 of the darned things when I got home last night."

When women's clubs were first formed, people were unfavorably disposed toward them. Men did not want their wives to belong to the clubs, because they thought it was unfeminine. Now women's clubs have become popular everywhere.

As it is the manly man who wins and satisfies a good woman, so it is the womanly woman who pleases and retains the desirable man. She need not be soft or silly, or weak or nervous—she may be strong, vigorous, resolute and brave; but, whatever she is, she must be womanly in order to please.

Women have started in London a paper called the Women's Penny Paper, and are making a fuss because their representative, a woman, was denied admission to the press gallery of the House of Commons. The Sergeant-at-Arms refused the admission upon the literally true ground that there was no room.

The editor of a Georgia paper, in acknowledging the compliment of having a baby named for him, says: We hereby present the infant with a year's subscription. Its father has been promising to subscribe to the paper for three years past, but has now, unfortunately, relieved himself of the obligation."

A New York paper is authority for the statement that the number of divorced women remarried or awaiting remarriage was never before so great in the fashionable society of that city as it is now. Has Chicago's triumph in receiving the World's Fair spurred her defeated rival into an enterprise that has hitherto been the Windy City's monopoly.

The making of wooden shoes is quite a business in New York. Not only is there a big demand for wooden soled shoes required by workers in certain trades, but for the wooden sabots such as are seen in pictures of life abroad. French and German women are the principal buyers of wooden shoes. These shoes cost about $1.25 a pair. They are mostly worn in the East side tenement district.

A wonderful pin to be stuck in an evening bodice is the facsimile of a hand mirror. The glass part is formed of that very unusual stone, a flat diamond. It is framed in tiny diamonds, and the handle is of diamonds a little larger. So clear is the large one that forms the glass that one could, with perfect success, put a miniature photograph under it and it would be exactly as if a face were represented.

Proverbs that have been invented by men about women are not quite so complimentary as one might have expected them to be. An Italian has said: "If a man loses his wife and a farthing, he is a farthing—and no more—the worse." An American has declared that "Women can keep a secret, but it takes a big crowd of them to do so." A Chinaman has said, "A woman's tongue is her sword, and she never lets it get rusty."

The Duchess of Aosta has accepted an invitation from the ex-Empress Eugenie to visit her at Farnborough in the course of next summer, and it is probable she will remain in England for several months. The Duke of Aosta, it is said, left about £50,000 to his widow, with jewels, pictures, plate and furniture, valued at about £40,000 more. The Duchess and her child are to be granted a State allowance of £16,000 a year.

A New York society woman says: "Because so many excellent imitation astrachans have appeared, the owners of the Simon pure, honest Jews make a little tear in theirs to show a bit of the skin. It is just the same with India shawls. Our grandmothers used to wear theirs wrong side out (as do their granddaughters), and show all the roughness and even the Arabic price mark, so as to show that they were the real, original article."

Masculinities.

The difference between a liar and a hypocrite is that the liar is not always incurable.

A cigar in one respect is significantly unlike a man—the more he puffs it the smaller it gets.

A New York tailor makes a living by making over pantaloons that have been turned inside out.

A cynical contemporary rises to observe that there are some men to whom loss of reputation would mean mighty good luck.

It is said that a Frenchman has discovered that, by watering dahlias with tepid water, a delicious aroma is imparted to them.

A man near Midland, Mich., took a chisel the other day and amputated a couple of his toes because the corns they bore bothered him.

Somehow a man feels that his town is not treating him right when he comes back after a long absence and finds that it progressed without him.

A man never gets over being "pretty" if in boyhood he is a fine looker and shapely he is proud of it, and in manhood the cares of business do not extinguish his vanity.

A man with a penchant for statistics has computed that more than 4 000,000 miles of blood pass through the veins of an ordinary human being during the lifetime of 70 years.

A word is a weapon so terrible in its action, and so deadly in its effects, that it will strike with the force of a thunderbolt, and slay its victim with the flashing rapidity of lightning.

A man in rushing to obtain a front seat in the gallery of a New York theatre one night recently, fell headlong over the rail to the orchestra. He struck on a chair and was seriously hurt.

Several well known men, including some diplomats, made speeches at the opening in Paris recently of a culinary exhibition and were entertained at a table upon which were set 200 dishes differently cooked.

"Look here, those eggs you sold me the other day were all bad," "Well, it ain't my fault," "Whose fault is it?" "Blamed if I know. How should I know what's inside of 'em I am no mind reader."

Some one has figured that there are in Denver, Col., 31 millionaires whose aggregate wealth is $45 500,000 and 35 semi-millionaires whose wealth aggregates $17,500,000, making in all $64,000,000 owned by 66 men.

A Baltimorean who "went it blind" at an auction sale of unclaimed freight, buying for $2 a barrel that had not been opened, thought he had a barrel of lamp black, but found he had about $90 worth of fine whisky.

Never touch a vine that has three fingered leaves—that is, leaves divided into three parts. Vines that show five-fingered leaves may be handled with safety. Poison ivy has three fingers—our beautiful Virginia creepers five.

A woman, Miss Jessie Carson, drives the stage between Osage and Park Rapids, Minnesota. She has done it for years—making three trips a week—summer and winter, and often with the thermometer down to 40 degrees below zero.

Mabel: "Let's play house; I'll be the mother." George: "Yes; and I'll be the father." Clara: "And I'll be the cook." Mabel and George, indignantly: "Yes, that's just you! You always want to be the boss of everything."

An Englishman has invented a means of utilizing the principle of stilts with wheels. The wheels are fastened to the feet as stilts are, and each acts as a sort of independent bicycle. They go very fast when one has learned to walk on them.

Many cigarette smokers labor under the delusion that the paper which is used in covering their "smoke-sticks" is manufactured from rice, and is harmless. As rice has no fibre, it is evident that it is an impossibility to make any kind of paper from it.

Dudley Foster, of Billerica, Mass., is hearty and in his 81st year, was elected for his 80th year asclerk and 45th year as treasurer at the town meeting in that place a few days ago. He declined to be a candidate, but was elected to both offices by a handsome majority.

R H Fowler, a travelling man, of Chicago, attempted twice to commit suicide in Delphi, Ind., lately, by taking chloroform. When restored to consciousness the second time he said to the attending physician: "When a fellow wants to make a fool of himself, why don't you let him alone?"

Nashville's (Tenn.) curiosity is aroused as to what becomes of the pennies that are sent there. They are not used in trade to any considerable extent, and it is surmised in some quarters that most children fall into the hands of superstitious people, who toss them over houses or cover them with stones "for luck."

At a recent duel between two young men at Warsaw, both fired and hit, but the bullet of one was flattened against the clear case of the other, and the bullet of the other was turned aside by the pocketknife of his opponent. The seconds decided that the young men were not born to kill each other, and declared the affair off.

The champion mean man and the most heartless Justice live in Dakota. The mean man lost his pocketbook, containing $250, and when the finder returned it to him after a month spent in discovering the owner, he demanded that the finder pay him interest for the use of the money. Naturally the finder refused this unreasonable demand, whereupon the mean man brought suit for the interest, and the most heartless Justice gave the mean man judgment for $1.45 and costs.

A well known dentist tried hard to collect a bill, but, after many ineffectual efforts, said to the debtor, "I do not intend to send you any more bills, and I don't intend to sue you—not quite is one thing I want to tell you. Every time you cut off a piece of beefsteak and pass it to your mouth I want you to remember that she is not crowding the beef with her teeth, nor with your teeth, but with my teeth." In two or three days he received a check. The mention of those double faced teeth in connection with his mouth was too much for the debtor.

Recent Book Issues.

"Miss Mordeck's Father" by Faire Pusey Gooch, has its plot and scene located in Chicago. Mr. Mordeck was Thomas A. Mordeck, millionaire, in Michigan avenue—he was Captain Dunbar, gambler, in another part of the "Windy City." For people to whom the double life theory is interesting with two pretty daughters, each the counterfeit of the other, thrown in, "Miss Mordeck's Father" will prove very entertaining. Published by Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York. For sale Lippincott.

"Lake Champlain and its Shores," by W. H. H. Murray. This is a volume devoted to an examination into, and a narrative of, the traditions and history of Lake Champlain, and a description of the yachting, camping, and fishing to be obtained on its waters and shores. It is a rare and a brilliant book—an authority as regards facts, and a delight as regards its descriptive passages. Mr. Murray's motive appears to be apart from mere entertainment, to excite in the American mind a desire to study the places and events of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary times. For sale by Lippincott.

"The History of the United States, Under the Constitution," by Prof. James Schouler, Esq., furnishes a scholarly and comprehensive history, beginning at the period where the illustrations Mr. Bancroft left off and explores carefully all the original sources of information accessible in preparing it. Since 1880 four volumes have been issued, covering the period from 1783 to 1874, and a fifth volume, now in active preparation (1847-61), will complete the author's plan, and make a connecting chain, for the first time, from the American Revolution to the Civil War. Professor Schouler's first volume, though little advertised and little noticed by the literary press, soon found admirers. One one the first among historical scholars to recognize the merits of his work was the venerable Mr. Bancroft himself. Other eminent scholars and writers, among them George William Curtis, Thomas W. Higginson, and Samuel Eliot, have expressed spontaneously their high appreciation of its merits. For several years past Schouler's history has been studied and approved in some of our leading seminaries of learning; at Harvard and Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, the Johns Hopkins University, and many other institutions. It is a singular fact that, while the author has necessarily entered deeply into the strifes of American politics, his work has elicited praise from many who have been brought up in different schools of statesmanship. This is no doubt because, as one has said, "all will be disposed to award to the author credit for conscientious and thorough study and a sincere desire to write moderately and justly." It is altogether a work that is indispensable to the library of every school, college, and of the well read man. It is thorough, impartial, and what is of more value, written in a most pleasant and captivating style. Under an arrangement recently made with Professor James Schouler's former publisher, Mr. Morrison of Washington, Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York, have become the publishers of this important work. The author is the eldest son of General William Schouler (who was Adjutant General of Massachusetts during the Civil War); was born in Arlington, Mass., March 20, 1836; graduated at Harvard University in 1859; is a lawyer by profession, and a member of the Boston Bar. With his great literary work nearly completed, Professor Schouler is still in his prime and in full activity. 4 vols., 8vo, cloth, $9 00. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The April *Electric* opens with a striking paper by Emile de Laveleye, entitled, "The Two Utopias" "Modern Mannish Maidens" is a clever and satirical but good natured sketch of feminine tendencies among the more ambitious class of young women. Recollections of a voyage with Gen. Gordon, by William H. Spence, furnishes fresh material about a hero who has never lost interest to the public mind. "Anglo Catholicism—The Old and New," by Principal Fairbrain, D. D., is a most weighty and suggestive study of the results of the Tractarian movement in England as shown in religion, philosophy and literature. There are many other articles of marked interest. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York.

STRAINING AND RACKING your lungs and throat with a rasping Cough, is but poor policy. Rather cure yourself with Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an excellent remedy for Asthma and Bronchitis.

An Empty Heart.

BY A. Y. S.

THERE were very many places on Joe McGinty's farm in the parish of Myroe that in the tradition of the country side were haunted or "gentle;" and he had been warned more than once that he had invisible neighbors. His mother and grandmother had had visits from the "good people;" they had gladly shared their milk and meal with the king and queen, and their men had always been careful to give the "gentle places" a wide berth when they were ploughing the land.

Joe, however, forgot the good advice of his friends. He did not much believe in the fairies, and he wished to improve his farm by stubbing out a few whins, or blasting a few rocks each year. His wife, too, was pretty sharp with her dairywoman for daring to leave the "strippings," or richest milk of her best cow, for the "gentry." No wonder that rashness like this terrified the farm servants.

"The matter an'mistress'll rue it yet," said they in frightened tones. They remembered their prognostications when Mrs. McGinty had a son, and reiterated their warnings more seriously than ever. "You be to watch thou wean careful, for he's bonnie, an' them we wilina name 'ill be setting their hearts on him. Dinna leave him his lone in the house without putting the tongs across the cradle." It never struck the mother that she might have neglected to profit by this friendly warning, when a sudden change came over her child. He grew pale and thin, peevish and elf-like; yet it did not strike Mrs. McGinty that a horrible misfortune had happened. Mother-like, she only loved him the more because he was wakeful by night, and cross and fretful by day.

Little Corkey was a spiteful, ugly, peevish urchin; but he never wore out her patient love, though his father often dashed out of the house in a rage when his wails grew desperate, and though the servants longed to give him a pinch or a slap when he provoked them.

Corkey was three years old when a tailor came to work at the farmhouse; and while he was seated cross legged on the table in the kitchen window, stitching the farmer's breeches, he observed Corkey in his cradle, playing with straws and feathers, and pining and fretting the while. Corkey liked "brochan-rye," a species of gruel sweetened with treacle; and his thin, shrill voice was often heard calling, now angrily, now wheedlingly:

"Mammy, oh! ahorkey,
Brochanrye for Corkey!"

a call his mother was never deaf to.

The tailor used his eyes and ears, and he came to a conclusion about Corkey. One day the mother left the room. Immediately Corkey set up his fretful, distracting wail, varied by cries of:

"Mammy, oh! ahorkey,
Brochanrye for Corkey!"

"Hold your tongue, wichel, or I'll rise an' go to you," said the tailor.

The urchin grinned, and taking a violin from beneath his pillow, said:

"I'll play you a braw tune, if you promise not to tell the old cat."

Such wild music! such fantastic reels and jigs! The tailor flung down his cloth and needle, and sprang from the table to the floor, where he danced madly, while the malicious elf laughed and played, and laughed again.

"Stop, wichel, stop; I canna breathe!" cried the unhappy dancer, clutching by the table, the dresser, the window, in vain efforts to stop. But his breathless cries for mercy were useless. Corkey played more wildly than ever, until he caught his mother's returning footsteps. Then he quickly hid the fiddle, saying:

"Whisht, not a word; the old cat's coming."

And just as Mrs. McGinty entered, his fretful wailing recommenced.

"Here, darling, jewel, honey, whisht wi' your crying," said the poor woman, "here's your ain mammy, an' ye'll get brochanrye now."

"Dinna gie the wee devil one sup!" cried the tailor; and he told her exactly what had happened during her absence.

"It's a lie, goodman. Come to your mammy, Corkey, avick!"

And Mrs. McGinty tried to clasp the fighting, wailing creature to her breast. But the farmer came in at that moment, and the tailor repeated his tale to him.

"I ha' heerd the like frae the old people," he said meditatively, scratching his head.

"Weel-a-weel! Let me set Corkey on the riddle and shake him over the fire, an' ye'll soon see what he is, returned the tailor. "I'll no hurt him, I promise yez; an' if he's what he should be, back he'll go into the cradle."

Mrs. McGinty demurred; but her husband consenting, the riddle was produced, the struggling Corkey was set upon it, and it was shaken over the turf fire in the wide chimney. Corkey clenched his fists at his horrified mother, made a spiteful grimace, sprang up the chimney, and was gone!

The farmer and the servants were delighted that the tyrant was gone; but as to the poor mother, although she was obliged to confess that her own child must be in fairyland, and that Corkey had been merely an elfin changeling, she mourned her tormentor very bitterly, and carried an empty heart with her to her grave.

WHAT MEN TELL.—Some men, tolerably truthful in other matters, are tremendous liars when they tell war stories or fishing adventures. Last month a writer in a reputable Western magazine—*The Commonwealth*—quoted an Ohio soldier, who made affidavit that when he was confined at Andersonville, President Davis endeavored to persuade the prisoners to enter the Confederate service. When they refused, saying that they would die first, Mr. Davis replied: "You will die then."

Now, this story on its face is outrageously absurd. The only match for it that this writer recollects was told by a man in north Georgia, who claimed that General Sherman had treated him badly. The General on his march turned him out of his house and occupied it himself. Years afterwards the victim said:

"Just as I told yer. The Ginrul flung me out er my house, and I went to a little cabin half er mile off. Then I thought of my hat, and went back ter the house. The Ginrul stood in the do'. Sezee:

"'What yer want?'

"'My hat' sez I.

"'Git or I'll have you shot,' sezee.

"'But my hat,' sez I.

"'Is thet yer cabin?' sez the Ginrul, pinting ter my little shanty.

"'Hit is,' sez I.

'Then the Ginrul ordered a cannon ter be pinted, and in three minutes blew the cabin ter smithereens.

"'Air yer satisfied?' sezee.

"'I am,' sez I, and then I lit out.

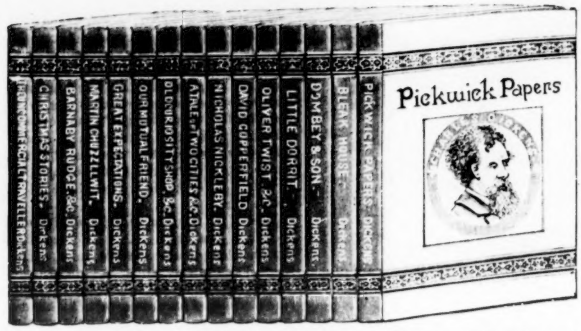
"Thet, sir, was the way the Ginrul got my hat!"

Time and again the refugee told this story—told it till he believed it. As a war liar he would be well matched with the Ohio man, only he had the grace not to swear to the truth of his yarn.

VICTIMS OF OVER WORK.—The victims of over-work are to be looked for, not among men who pursue active but regular business-careers, as merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, lawyers, laborers, clerks, doctors, or others, who pursue legitimate, non-speculative vocations, but among that class who, launching outside their legitimate business, engage in speculation or ventures, of uncertain results, the uncertainty of which wears and tears the mind, depresses the spirit, and so preys upon the physical forces. Of course there are some people who pursue their regular calling to an extreme that allows them no rest, and these also wear themselves out; but they are few compared with those who break themselves down by the never ending fret about numerous matters which are all apart from their regular business.

FREE! FREE!

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS!



Good Paper! Clear Print! Neat Binding!

The usual price for the cheapest set of Dickens Novels has heretofore been $10 00. Owing to the present low price of printing paper and a very large contract with a leading book manufacturer we are enabled to offer our readers the most extraordinary bargain in good literature ever heard of.

15 Handsomely Made, Convenient Sized Books.

Dickens' Works are the most widely read of any novels printed in any language. The popularity of Dickens is ever increasing and every person should own a full set of his works. Charles Dickens is eminently the novelist of the people. No person is well read who has not perused his works.

HOW TO GET THEM.

Send us six (6) *three months* trial subscribers at 50 cents each and we will send you the entire 15 Volumes free of all charges as a premium.

If preferred a complete set of 25 *Waverly Novels* in 12 Volumes will be sent instead of Dickens' Works.

A trial subscriber is a New One, and must be a person who is not now on our subscription list.

NOT CHEAP, TRASHY BOOKS!

These VOLUMES are each about 5x7¼ inches in size and of uniform thickness. The printing is clear and the type of a readable size. They are printed from plates made for this edition. NOT CONDENSED OR ABRIDGED.

Never before has the opportunity been presented for securing so much valuable reading matter for so small an amount, or with as little trouble. Ask six of your acquaintances to try THE POST *three months* or 13 weeks. Send us their names and addresses with 50 cents for each, and secure a complete set of either Dickens or Waverly Novels. Send in your order at once.

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

RUNNING A RACE.

A little tear and a little smile
Set out to run a race—
We watched them closely all the while—
Their course was baby's face.

The little tear he got the start;
We really feared he'd win.
He ran so fast, and made a dart
Straight for her dimpled chin.

But somehow—it was very queer.
We watched them all the while—
The little, shining, fretful tear
Got beaten by the smile.

—U. N. NONE.

The undertaker's favorite exercise is box-ing.

Party struggle—The rush for refreshments.

A spoiled child—The one that played with a lighted lamp.

"How do you like your beau, Jennie?" "He is a fellow after my own heart."

Put two doors side by side and the small boy will go through the one that squeaks.

Why are rats better than tomatoes? Because tomatoes make only catsup, while rats make a cat supper.

Ethel: "You say when Charley proposed he didn't get down on his knees?" Evelyn: "No; I was on his knees."

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," That's what a little fellow told his master when he couldn't say his lessons.

Because a thing is small of size think not that you may scorn it. Some insects have a larger waist, but lift less than the hornet.

"You are the twentieth in the class class. That means you are at the very foot!" "Well, papa, how can I help it if there is no more boys in the class?"

A little boy who had to rock the cradle for his baby sister astonished his mother thus: "Mamma, if the Lord has any more babies to give away don't take 'em."

Ignorant maiden: 'Mr Marshare must be a model husband. Why so? Because he is so attentive to other women, you know, he must be a perfect slave to his wife."

A householder, in filling up his census schedule, under the column "where born?" described one of his children "born in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

Husband: "Those people living next door are newly married, aren't they?" Wife: "What makes you think so?" Husband: "I see the husband doing the housework."

"You'd better ask for manners than money," said a man to a poor boy who asked for assistance. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," innocently replied the lad.

A woman writer says: "Women want comfort." And yet, offer a woman the choice between a ton of coal and a pair of French heel shoes and which do you suppose she will take?

"How can I cure my dear boy of his singular aversion to the female sex?" queried an anxious mother of an old bachelor brother. "Make a minister of him," was the gruff reply.

A newspaper, recording the fall of a person into the river, says: "It is a wonder he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

Merchant, after refusing an applicant for work: "I'd like to employ you, but you see how it is. I hope you appreciate the situation." Applicant: I could appreciate it better if I had it."

She just going into housekeeping: 'How do you like the shirt I ironed for you, Alfred? Didn't I do it beautifully?" He: "You do nothing by halves, my dear. You did it up brown, of course."

A party of young ladies visit the Observatory to have a peep through the monster telescope at the new comet. The astronomer conducts them to the instrument and the ladies look through in turns. "Oh Laura, isn't it charming, enchanting, wonderful!" and so on, ad libitum. After a while the sly astronomer observes: "Now, ladies, I will remove the cover and place the instrument in position, if you allow me."

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

A GIRL WORTH HAVING.

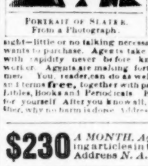
A few weeks ago I read in your paper Mr. Moorehead's experience in the Plating Business, in which he cleared $187.85 in a month; but I beat that if I am a girl. I sent as he directed and got a Plater, and cleared $288.12 in one month. Can any of you readers beat this? You can get spoons, forks, or jewelry to plate at every house. Send $3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, and they will send you a Plater, and you can make money enough in three hours to pay for it, or address them for circulars. There is plenty work to do in both city and country; then why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand. I hope my experience will help others as much as Mr. Moorehead's did me. LAURA B——

NEW GAMES.—Drawing-room blizzard.—This amusing game is thus played: Eight players are required, four of whom go to one end of the room and four to the other. Two wide tapes are stretched across the carpet for "goals," and a large paper rose, or other light article if a paper rose is not procurable, is placed in the middle of the room. Each player must be provided with a small pair of bellows (these can be purchased for a few pence,) and the signal being given to start, it is the aim and object of the two sides to blow the paper flower over the stretched tape. The being accomplished, a "goal" is scored to the winning side. This number of goals to form a game must be previously decided, and much fun is caused by the efforts to blow the rose across.

A New Form of Blind Man's Buff.—Light a candle and place it on a table in the centre of the room, then blindfold three or four players, and turning them all round and starting them from different sides of the room, let each endeavor to blow out the candle. It will be amusing to watch the unavailing efforts made, and the different ways in which those who are blindfolded endeavor to attain the end desired, and to extinguish the candle.

A New Spelling Game.—In this game each player must endeavor to spell his or her best and a prize must be given to the best speller, and a wooden spoon or other booby prize to the worst. If played by grown-up people, the more difficult the words given the better. The words to be spelt should be written out clearly on slips of paper, with the definition added below, and all placed in a box or covered basket on the table, round which the players are seated. The person to start the game draws out one of the papers at random, pronounces the word distinctly, and reads out the definition. The player seated next to him spells the word. If she does so correctly, she takes the paper draws another, and pronounces it, and reads the definition to the next neighbor; but if she misses the word, the one pronouncing it spells it aloud, and places it by itself. This continues round the table, the papers being drawn in turn till the game comes back to the starter. No one is allowed to try twice to spell a word. Each player keeps his own pile of correctly spelt words, and as many rounds may be played as agreed on at the beginning of the game. The prize goes to the one who has spelt the best. To people who get interested in this game it affords a great amount of amusement, often those who feel quite confident about the spelling of a word being those who make the most amusing mistakes.

Watch these columns for 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from New York.



PORTRAIT OF SLATER. From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Alabama. "I am not yet **19** years old. I was at work on a farm for **$12** a month. I am now selling your famous albums, and making over **$200** a month. Everybody wants one." Henry Slater, Birmingham, Ala.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for **$2** each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated inside. Handsomest album in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information as to terms **free**, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$230 *A MONTH. Agents Wanted.* 90 best selling articles in the world. Example *Free*. Address *N. A. MAISH, Detroit, Mich.*

YOU WANT

A life-size Crayon Portrait (18 x 22) of some of your dear ones to adorn your wall, without which no home is complete. Send us any good photograph and $2 00 as guarantee of good faith, and we will have the picture copied and enlarged in a thoroughly first-class manner for only $8.00. Balance to be paid C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed. Correspondence invited.

J. E. GALLAHER & CO.,
230 East 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial

SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

25 CTS. **A PRINTING OUTFIT.**

A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT, COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL. Just as shown in cut. 8 Alphabets of rubber Type, bottle of Indelible Ink, Tweezers, in neat case with catalogue and directions "HOW TO BE A PRINTER." Sets up any name, prints cards, paper, envelopes, etc., starts from Monday. The best gift for young people. Postpaid only 25c. 3 for 60c., 7 for $1. Agts wanted. Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, April 14, 1890.

No matter what wear use you want to put the stuff to—dress parade or banging about—just the right quality and style and price is here ready to your hand. Hap hazard:

Jacquard Figured Robes, three designs, and good line of colors in each, $12; imported to sell at $22.

Mohair in plain and glace effects, great variety of colors, 50c, 75c, $1.

50-inch All-wool Surah Twill, in nineteen colors, all new shades, handsome, and serviceable, $1.

6-4 Waterproof Dundee Plaids, in large and small designs, specially suited for ladies' wraps and children's jackets, $1. A few days since they were $1 50.

40-inch All-wool Indistinct Stripes with dashes of bourette through them; a light weight fabric for Spring and Summer, 75c from $1.

At the Black counter is a Black Nun's Veiling, and a Black Batiste, both 38 inches wide, all-wool and light weight, 37½, imported this season to sell for 50c.

All-wool Serge with mohair border, 42 inches wide, $1.

The wonderful Crepe Neck-wear is in full bloom at both ends of the store. And such prices! 50c stands for $1 and $1.25.

Of course you can get Crepe Neck wear in two or three places in town at 50c, but there are Crepes and Crepes. These are the extra ones: extra cloth, extra embroidery, and extra made.

The Underwear wonder is how so much muslin and stitching and trimming can be had for so little money:

Drawers made of Fruit of Loom Muslin, with hem and 3 plaits, 25c.

Very heavy and fine Muslin Drawers, with neat Hamburg ruffle, and 14 plaits, 50c. By far the best 50c Drawers we ever offered.

Heavy Muslin Gown, with yoke of all-over embroidery and plaits, neatly trimmed with Hamburg edge, 85c.

That's the way the story runs through every chapter.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

STOUT PEOPLE'S WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & Instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between a ♩ or ♪, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for six popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

We have nowadays gowns for all occasions, and such robes de luxe too. The breakfast dress was made in white satin, with some thirty gaugings round the waist, the front draped with lisse, the long sleeves made of the same soft material.

A peach tea gown was quite the prettiest thing of the kind I, with all my experience have seen for a long time. It was made of soft peach faille velouté, which at intervals, starting from the bodice, displayed broad stripes of ribbon velvet of the same tone, not at all intended to resemble striped silk and velvet, but edging the long panels.

The skirt and bodice at the back seemed to be cut in one, and the waist was completely hidden by long vandykes of white lace,—the fashionable pointed lace—but in this case with the points at both edges, and exactly adapted to the figure.

The front was composed of lisse over peach, and just on the bust this was crossed by a band of velvet, with a bow in the centre.

The sleeves were a combination of silk and lisse, the lisse appearing in a V form on the shoulder, and supplementing the corded revers at the elbow, where bows of velvet appeared. It had a large becoming upstanding shaped collar. The collar and cuffs were perfect, the latter being most original.

Red continues to be much worn, indeed for morning dresses it has had a recent revival. Crepon de laine is a material which, falling soft, is well suited to evening wear, and a gown of this was made with a full skirt and low bodice, trimmed with the straight fringe which was old fashioned fifteen years ago, and is new now.

There were very long oblong sleeves also edged with fringe, and these were draped about the neck or crossed as a fichu or could be treated in many ways by a woman who knows how to dress. These sleeves suggest a very easy way of making a low dress high by deft fingers.

Velvet sleeves and vest are worn much with soft woollen and rich brocade, which form crossing bodices and match the skirts. These dresses when new are frequently trimmed with rows of black velvet, also a revival from the same period as the fringe.

One pretty gown had a broad velvet band at the edges, and a broad one at half the depth. When gowns are not exactly intended for walking, they are beginning to be made to touch the ground.

Louis XIV coats with long basques, buttons at the back, Mousquetaire cuffs and flap pockets, look smart on stylish women, and are much worn. One in light green velvet, of the tone called "verdette," had been trimmed with gold passementerie, and had a long waist coat of rich gold brocade.

A gray velvet dress had a white and silver brocade waistcoat, and a flamme de Ponche velvet, with pastille spots, was made after the same style.

These pastille spots are moft fashionable, and one of the bride's evening gowns was a black pastille spotted net, with a full skirt and a jet girdle; the bodice made of jet, was closely cut to the figure.

By the bye, these full evening bodices are bringing in the soft lisse chemisettes, drawn in on ribbon, which appear only across the front.

The tea jackets are most charming, made to swathe the figure; and some yoke polonaises for two sisters pleased me much. They were made of soft printed silk, but the yoke was white lisse over pink, drawn in with pink ribbon, the sleeves being made entirely of two puffs in the same style.

Large puffed sleeves, copied from the fashions of the Stuarts, are well worn; indeed so is anything that is picturesque. A red velvet Zouave jacket, for example, richly worked on the front in gold, can be slipped on over any bodice and skirt, and skirt, and this is the idea of the tea jackets, which make a trim toilette with very little trouble.

Skirts, plain and simple as they are, require almost as much fitting as bodices. The object at present is to make them as slender as they can be at the top, and bouffante about the feet, and this is all a question of cutting. Some black embroidered leather worked in red had been applied to the hem and the front of the sleeves of a red gown, and looked wonderful and Mediæval.

Walking skirts are quite a feature now. They are donned especially, and are of sensible length, width, and material. Some are very plain, and look like a short habit, with jacket to match, sometimes open to show a white or checked waistcoat, or closed nearly to the throat, and displaying the neat collar and tie.

All the fulness of the skirt is massed at the back, the front and the sides being gored to set as plain and flat as possible. This only suits a slim or quite girlish figure. The other style has gathers all around, mounted into the waistband, and is almost always worn with a silken or flannel skirt.

These skirts average three and a half yards wide, and reach only to the ankles, or even a little above. Rough serge is much used for them, also the so called "blanketing," which is rough in texture, but quite light in weight. This is usually in dark or light gray.

With these walking skirts, small sailor hats are usually worn, and also rather flat heeled, laced or buttoned boots, very high in the leg and thick in the soles.

Thus customed, the wearer can accompany sportsmen, dash across country after beagles or harriers, and take the roughest walks with impunity, looking suitably attired the while.

Combinations of wool and silk are seen again, and are arranged in many odd ways some of them very striking and others in more quiet taste. Thus most refined dresses suitable for brides' visiting dresses are made of pale beige cashmere and bengaline of the same shade.

The front of the skirt is of cashmere embroidered in scallops at the foot and length wise stripes done in dark brown and gold, while the straight back breadths are of bengaline laid in very fine pleats, each side having a bridle of dark brown velvet ribbon, on which narrower pale beige ribbon is placed, and tied at intervals in bows.

The bodice, has a basque back of the cashmere, ending in passementerie tassels, and showing a V of the bengaline at the top, while the pointed front has a similar V, overlaid with bands of embroidered cashmere, and the wide girdle is similarly embroidered.

The mutton leg sleeves are of bengaline, and the dress is completed by a short Bolero jacket with brown velvet wrought with gold. In contrast to these gowns are the more striking tapestry woollens combined with plaid silks, as a stem green woollen with with white arabesque design, made up with a yoke, sleeves, and side breadths of Scotch plaid taffeta, showing red, green, yellow, and white bars.

For riding, long jackets are rapidly gaining in favor, reaching just to the saddle when the wearer is mounted. As they are usually of waterproof cloth, they keep the rider dry. The requisite length is formed by the deep basque, fitting perfectly over the hips, and joined to the waste seam.

These jackets look extremely smart when the wearer is either mounted or dismounted, and have been largely adopted of late by hunting women. *On dit*, that these deep basqued jackets will speedily find their way to favor for walking. Large tweed or cloth capes, made like those used by men for shooting, with straps, are often worn for yachting, driving, and walking, as well as riding. They are sometimes of light tweed and sometimes of the cloth of the gown. They reach to the hips.

Some cape jackets are so made, that at the back they appear to be tight-fitting to the figure, with long sleeves, but in front have the appearance of a cape. Beaver cloth is much used for thick driving coats.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLE WORK.

Tussore silk, in all the delicate shades ranging from pale cream to deepest fawn-color, continues to play the important part of foundation or background to many different styles of fancy work, and the reasons for its popularity are not difficult to discover, for the excellence produced by the pure bright, neutral-tinted silk, when in conjunction with other and more brilliant colors, is apparent to the most casual observer; while for many purposes, handsome designs in raised embroidery, worked in floselle of shades of tussore color only, are being introduced, and are in remarkably good taste.

In the latter case, as there are no contrasts of coloring to produce effect, the result depends in a great measure upon the variety and skilful execution of the actual stitches; but whether the patterns be carried out in delicate "self-shades" or in vivid Oriental coloring, there is no doubt that the tussore silk lends itself effectively to embroidery, and the silken shimmer of its surface tends to throw up the work.

Two exquisite afternoon tea-cloths which I saw recently were both made of tussore silk. The first was of a delicate biscuit brown, with a design of wild roses and foliage executed in embroidery silk, which matched the tint of the foundation exactly. The flowers were worked on satin stitch, much raised with padding, the leaves filled in with crewel-stitch, while for the centre of the flowers, stocks, etc., French knots and sloping stem stitches were introduced.

The second table-cloth, which was even prettier than the one described above, was of a much paler shade of tussore silk, something between cream-color and "floelle," and had a very wide and handsome pattern of conventional scrolls effectively entwined.

This was worked in several shades of floselle, all darker than the background, and the variety of different stitches introduced was very great, and comprised, besides most of the well-known embroidery stitches, many that are used in the artistic "Mount-mellick Embroidery," as well as several old German "filling in" stitches.

The work had evidently been a labor of love, and the skilful embroiderers had probably taken a pride in display ng how numerous are the different effects which can be procured with such simple materials by one who excels in the art of needlecraft. This table cloth was bordered with a band of dark olive green plush, about five inches deep, which gave a pretty finish, and contrasted well with the tussore silk.

Another extremely pretty kind of work, which has also a foundation of tussore silk, is the embroidery known as "Nagaski," This, as its name denotes, is Japanese in character, the designs usually being quaint birds or "beasties," combined with conventional flowers and foliated scrolls.

The colorings are in most cases somewhat bright, but harmonious, while the whole design is invariably outlined entirely with a double row of Japanese gold thread, which gives a remarkably Oriental appearance to the work when finished.

Many other articles, both useful and ornamental, such as cushions, brackets, nightdress, glove, and handkerchief sachets, are decorated with this effective embroidery.

A cushion-cover which I saw during the process of working the other day was quite a different, but a particularly pretty style of embroidery. The background was simply a piece of strong white linen, which was eventually to be entirely hidden. Upon this were traced single tulips, carnations, and various old fashioned flowers, which were all being worked in floselle, the blossoms being carelessly powdered all over the material, with their stalks and leaves sometimes crossing one another.

After the flowers were filled in and carefully shaded (the tints selected being principally the old fashioned purples known as "puce" and "prune," combined with old pink and pale yellow), the entire background was to be closely covered with darning-stitch worked in old gold-colored floselle, the result being that the work when finished will resemble an exquisite specimen of old-world embroidery upon a groundwork of cloth of gold.

Apple Paste.—Scald some apples till they become soft, and let them drain. Pass the pulp through a sieve, and boil it down over a gentle fire, taking care to stir it continually to prevent it burning. Then remove the pan from the fire, and mix syrup with it, containing as many pounds of sugar as there are pounds of fruit. Simmer the whole over a gentle fire, and make it into shape in moulds, and dry the paste in a warm place.

Another Method for Making Apple Paste—Take some apples, peel and core them. Then put in cold water, boil them and let them drain. Pass the pulp through a strainer and boil over the fire to a proper consistence, and mix with a pound of crushed loaf sugar for each pound of apples.

Apple Sweetmeat.—Pare some apples, and cut them into various shapes, place in glasses and pour some apple jelly over them. Let them remain for a week, and add a quarter of a pound of sugar to each pound of jelly, and season with lemon juice.

Apple Marmalade.—Simmer some apples in water until they become tender, then let them drain. Afterwards strain them through a sieve, and boil them with a strong syrup containing three quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mix the whole well together, and preserve it in pots or glasses.

Apple Cream.—Peel some apples, remove the cores, and cut them in thin slices. Put them into a saucepan with crushed sugar, sliced lemon peel, and ground ginger, with a little red wine. Let them simmer until they become tender, put them in a dish, and allow them to cool. Then boil a quart of cream with some nutmeg, and add the apples to it, with a sufficient quantity of sugar to sweeten it.

Apple Tansy.—Pare some apples, cut them into thin round slices, and fry them in butter. Then beat up half a dozen eggs in a quart of cream, and pour them on the apples.

Confidential Correspondents.

LESTER.—Smoking is very unhealthy for youths who have not as yet reached their full growth, and also for persons who have a weak constitution.

TITANIA.—"Noblesse oblige" is a very ancient French proverb. It means: "Nobility imposes the obligation of noble feelings and conduct."

A. Y. S.—The bridegroom provides the house linen in Scotland. The making of clothes is now very generally put off till after the marriage has taken place.

E. A. M.—A lady must not give a gentleman a ring unless she be engaged to him, and then it is not the most appropriate present she could make. Jewelry is specially a gift for gentlemen to present to ladies.

EIGHTEEN.—It is right to be kind to everyone; but although you may bow to the gentleman whom you see in the course of your business hours, if you chance to meet him in the street, you should not let the acquaintance go any further, unless with your mother's approval.

PERPLEXED.—1 Defaced postage stamps are of no use whatever. 2 The 9th of June, 1840, was on Tuesday. 3 We have no experience in the matter, but we believe that gin is given to animals to stop their growth; it would be scarcely advisable to try it on your pet—you might kill it.

KATHLEEN.—The word "weld" means "to press or beat into intimate and permanent union as two pieces of iron when heated almost to fusion"; therefore the term "welding of nations" would mean the process of formation and union. All ancient histories give an account of this process.

LOUISE.—Do not be led away by any such nonsense; there is no such thing as foretelling the future of anyone in any way at all. What you saw and heard is only a trick, a very common one amongst conjurers. That a few ambiguous words were uttered that seemed to apply to you was merely a coincidence, and a very common one.

J. M. B. W.—The washing in water of brushes for the hair or clothes is a mistake; the bristles lose their spring and stiffness, and the backs are warped and the polish removed. Put a handful of flour into a washhand basin, and rub it into the bristles with your fingers, applying it also to the sides of the brush. After a careful cleaning the brush will look like new, and prove quite satisfactory.

CACTUS.—Many people believe that it is injurious to keep plants in a bedroom; but we are of a different opinion. They absorb what may be unhealthful in the atmosphere, on which account, as well as for beauty, trees and flowers are so much planted in churchyards. We do not mean to say that there are none that would be objectionable in a bedroom, especially flowers with a very strong odor. A plant of eucalyptus would be of real advantage.

INQUIRER.—The "Assignats" were a forced paper currency which were inaugurated by the National Assembly of France, to support public credit during the Revolution, April, 1790. They were superseded by "Mandats," in 1796. They are now worth a few pennies as curiosities. There were plenty of them, as Allison tells us "that there were nearly 350 millions of pounds sterling of them in circulation in France and its dependencies at one period."

E. S. F.—The liability of the members of a "joint stock company" may be either limited or unlimited. In the former case the liability is limited to the amount (if any) unpaid on the shares; or such an amount as the members may guarantee in the event of the company being wound up. In the first case the limit is said to be "by shares"; in the second "by guarantee." You should be very careful, in the investment of money, to see that your company is "limited."

AYRAYR.—We are of opinion that the moon is airless and without water. You seem to find it difficult to believe that one face of the moon is always turned towards the earth. Take Herschel's advice and plant a stick upright in the ground; then hold a compass in one hand and walk round the stick, keeping as close as you can to it. If that does not convince you that you turn on your own centre, nothing will. The two rotations of the moon—that about the earth and that about the axis—are coincident. If there are inhabitants in the moon, then they must see our earth as an immovable moon banded with a luminous and ruddy ring.

NEMO.—The best method of producing hydrogen for the purpose of making soap bubbles is from zinc and sulphuric acid. To get good results, the gas should be collected in a gasholder or bladder as when used direct from the generator it is apt to be contaminated with acid splashes and the pressure is very irregular. A very strong solution of soap, made by cutting strips of best yellow soap and dissolving to a syrup with water, will give good permanent bubbles. Weights made of rings of very fine aluminum wire would probably adhere, but would be difficult to make. A plain glass tube with well-rounded edges about half an inch in diameter is best to produce the bubbles from.

FIDGET.—We do not much believe in the heroine of fiction whose nostrils are always quivering. You are the victim of a trifling nervousness, and you must not fret yourself about it. Sometimes young ladies have a tremulous tongue, which makes them hesitate and stammer in their speech; but, if they take a sufficiency of healthy exercise, the ludicrous impediment passes away. An habitual drunkard, even in his sober moments, cannot articulate properly; but a month's quiet and temperance will entirely restore his powers of utterance. Your little trouble is quite involuntary; try a tonic and exercise, and your face will become as steady as the faces of those who find fault with you.

NOBAH.—Even rain water is not absolutely pure—though the purest we can get—because it contains carbonic acid gas derived from the air. Of course, what you catch in tubs or cisterns (however clean these receptacles may be made to receive it), if dropping from gutters on the eaves of the roof, cannot be fit for drinking—excellent as it is for purposes of washing. If the water should pass through a limestone district, or chalky rocks of soil, the carbonic acid dissolves some of the chalk, and thus it is rendered hard, bad for drinking and washing, and making the skin rough. If, however, the rain water should pass through a granitic locality, where there is no chalk nor gypsum, then it remains as it was before it fell from the clouds, as it cannot take up granite as it can chalk, and so remains soft. This is all the explanation we can give in so limited a space. You had better boil all drinking water.